

ENCOUNTER

LITERATURE ARTS CURRENT AFFAIRS

A MARVELLOUS DECADE (II)

Isaiah Berlin

U AND NON-U

Alan S. C. Ross

LOVE'S OWN TEARS

Abioseh D. Nicol

THE FUTURE OF PROSPERITY

Hugh Gaitskell

HOMAGE TO CLIO : *W. H. Auden*

THE END OF IDEOLOGY? : *Edward Shils*

SPECIAL BOOK NUMBER : *Richard Wollheim, Philip Toynbee, David Daiches, Christopher Sykes, G. S. Fraser, T. R. Fyvel, Hilary Corke, and others*

COMMENT : *Alec Brown, Edmund Wilson, William Empson, George Mikes, Dominick Salteena, Nancy Mitford*

NOVEMBER 1955

26

MONTHLY 2s. 6d.

The Endless Web

JOAN EVANS

Dr. Evans has celebrated the 150th anniversary of the foundation of the firm of Messrs. John Dickinson and Co. by writing its history. Her rich material will interest the general reader as well as the student of paper-making.

Illustrated. 32s. 6d.
With 47pp. of photographs

The Gay Delavals

FRANCIS ASKHAM

'In this extraordinary house on a windy hill with an unkind sea at its foot, there came to live an equally extraordinary family. These were the "gay" Delavals, the most charming, mischievous, spendthrift people in the North of England, utterly without morals, loved by the people of the countryside and damned from birth.' *Laurence Whistler. Illustrated.*

21s.

Book Society Recommendation

Story of a Year : 1848

RAYMOND POSTGATE

Mr. Postgate, in the unique form which he has chosen, has written what has been so rare since Macaulay—a work of serious scholarship which is also invariably entertaining.

With 16pp. of plates and 40 line drawings

21s.
Book Society Recommendation

The Capel Letters

edited by

THE MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY

A cache of letters, discovered recently, present a day-to-day picture of an English family's life in Europe before, during and after the Hundred Days.

Illustrated. 18s.

all prices are net

JONATHAN CAPE

The Uneven Road LORD BELHAVEN

An autobiography that brings rare qualities of imagination and personal philosophy to a life of action. Lord Belhaven writes with an ease that modulates itself equally well to the restraint of a moving personal drama and the raw freedom of a grim antagonist Arabia and destructive war in Italy.

With illustrations. 21s. net

Counterfeit SONIA COLE

The reasons for forgeries, other than pecuniary and otherwise, are most provocative when one considers the type of people who perpetrate them. This is the first book to treat this fascinating subject in such variety, and includes a full account of the "Lubeck church murals scandal."

With illustrations. 25s. net

NOVELS

Achilles His Armour PETER GREEN

This novel is built round the life of Alcibiades and Mr. Green projects such a vital picture of this stormy genius that the reader is at once immersed in the private and public emotions, the political excitements and the direction of the historic wars through which he blazed his way.

15s. net

Boy on a Dolphin DAVID DIVINE

The Cyclades, an antique statue at the bottom of the Mediterranean, a mischievous Greek girl, a mercenary Italian boy, an innocent university don and a cynical American journalist! Mr. Divine has let the sun heat the ingredients to ferment a deliciously impudent novel.

10s. 6d. net

JOHN MURRAY

ENCOUNTER

NOVEMBER 1955

VOL. V, No. 5

Edited by STEPHEN SPENDER *and* IRVING KRISTOL

This Month's <i>Encounter</i>		2
LOVE'S OWN TEARS (STORY)	<i>Abioseh D. Nicol</i>	5
U AND NON-U	<i>Alan S. C. Ross</i>	11
A MARVELLOUS DECADE: 1838-1848 (II)	<i>Isaiah Berlin</i>	21
ANATOMY LESSON (POEM)	<i>Christopher Levenson</i>	29
HOMAGE TO CLIO (POEM)	<i>W. H. Auden</i>	30
PEACE—AND—FRIEND—SHIP	<i>Ardon Lyon</i>	32
THE FUTURE OF PROSPERITY	<i>Hugh Gaitskell</i>	38
Notes from a Diary	<i>Stephen Spender</i>	48
Art		
EPSTEIN IN BLACKPOOL	<i>David Sylvester</i>	50
Letter from Milan		
THE END OF IDEOLOGY?	<i>Edward Shils</i>	52
Comment		59
<i>Alec Brown, Edmund Wilson, William Empson, George Mikes, Lilian G. Clark, Dominick Salteena, E. Kennedy Holland, Nancy Mitford</i>		
Discussion		
"LA TRAHISON DU CLARK"	<i>Peter Wiles</i>	63
Special Book Number		
ART AND MARXISM	<i>Richard Wollheim</i>	68
"A GERMAN GALS WORTHY"?	<i>Philip Toynbee</i>	71
ON BEHAVING ONESELF	<i>Christopher Sykes</i>	74
MARGINALIA GRAFFITI AND TEXTS	<i>Hilary Corke</i>	78
TRANSLATING THE BIBLE	<i>David Daiches</i>	82
A TANDEM IN TEXAS	<i>T. R. Fyvel</i>	86
FOUR NOVELS	<i>G. S. Fraser</i>	90
OTHER BOOKS: <i>Elizabeth Jennings, Kathleen Nott</i>		94

ENCOUNTER is published monthly at Panton House, 25 Haymarket, London, S.W.1

2s. 6d. per number. Yearly subscription 30s. (U.S. \$6.00) (India 12 rupees)

U.S. subscriptions may be entered at British Publications Inc.

30 East 60th Street, New York 22

This Month's *ENCOUNTER* :—

WE ARE living in a present when to consider topics as widely removed as a country's resources of power and energy, relations between East and West, full employment or unemployment, involves us in taking a mental leap into a future which, though round the corner, seems as remote as a journey to Mars. Last month we published Sir John Cockcroft on the future of atomic energy. This month Mr. Hugh Gaitskell discusses the future of prosperity. The future has become as palpable as the ground under our feet—it *is* just under our feet—and yet this future that is so hauntingly vivid fills us with a sense of uncertainty.

Mr. Gaitskell's article, though concerned with the economic prospects, throws some light on this uncertainty. Looking back twenty years, he sees the certain evil of unemployment in the 1930's which, as a young university teacher, he considered the main problem to be confronted. Looking forward, he foresees a possible world of full employment and widening prosperity, in which governments meet threats of economic adversity with "built-in" controls and through the functioning of a complex mechanism of adjustments to meet dangerous situations.

To bring about such prosperity, what is required of people is not so much the moral awareness that distinguishes between the blacks and whites of employment and unemployment, progress and reaction, left and right, as what Mr. Gaitskell calls the ability of people to "realise the logic of their limitations"—a highly developed and widely diffused consciousness of the shifting needs of the economic situation.

Perhaps, then, the uncertainty may be due to a gap left by the leap from a society in which causes were black and white moral issues, to one in which social welfare is a flexible scientific machine of economic reason.

Given that people have *not* made this leap to an abstract awareness of logical needs, what happens? Governments control an

engine which, unfortunately, does not realise that it is an engine. In practice, ministers are forced to transmit their economic measures not as scientific directives, recognised and accepted as such, but as moral injunctions reinforced by guilt and punishments. In England, of recent years, governments (whether of the right or left) have been forced to present the economic situation as what amounts to a recurrent moral crisis.

THE necessity of having to dramatise a situation requiring coldly scientific measures into one which exercises moral pressure on workers and taxpayers, rich and poor, results in conflicts and stresses which, in the long run, are disillusioning. The most obvious illustration of this is the case of workers divided in their loyalty between the traditional cause of Labour, and the classless interest of the whole importing-exporting country—since the idea of the single community has been imposed on a society still, nonetheless, stratified into classes.

That in the future everyone should develop a gift for thinking of himself as an abstraction within a wider abstraction is at least better than our present state of confused guilt in which the moral labels once attached to virtues like thrift, industry, class loyalty, freedom of travel, individual self-employment, are for ever being torn off or scrawled over with modified injunctions to meet the shifting needs of the Export-Import situation.

One can see, though, the danger that makes for the deep uncertainty of such a future. It is that the whole human effort be partitioned between contributions to complementary social gods. One, the centralised-economic-survival-machine with the economic scientist at the wheel amid built-in controls: the other, welfared social man.

In this picture there is a third proposition lacking. This might be summed up in the one word *architecture*. Where everything tends to be abstract survival and subjective

need, what is lacking is objective, concrete symbols which are the architectural achievements of past civilisations.

During the worst raids on London, two things were much talked about: one was the Beveridge Plan; the other, the rebuilding of a new London as the most beautiful city in the world. It is strange that while everyone now subscribes to the fulfilled Welfare State, London has been—almost without protest—handed over irremediably to the jerry builders. To consider this is to begin to understand why the future which is so prodigiously with us, while promising to be meticulously organised, yet seems so prodigiously aimless.

● When ENCOUNTER first began publication, the sponsors intended to introduce a new American editor every two years. This accounts for reports which have appeared that Mr. Irving Kristol will shortly be leaving the magazine. We are pleased to say that, in view of ENCOUNTER's achievement so far, the sponsors have decided not to disturb the existing arrangement, and that Mr. Kristol will remain as co-editor.

NOTES ON OTHER CONTRIBUTORS:—

ABIOSEH D. NICOL is a West African writer and critic who is now on a Research Fellowship at Cambridge. . . . PROFESSOR ALAN S. C. ROSS, in addition to his study of English upper-class rhetoric, has published *Studies in*

the Accidence of the Lindisfarne Gospels (1937), *The Numeral-Signs of the Mohenjo-daro Script* (1938), and *The Terfinnas and Beormas of Othhere* (1940). . . . The first part of ISAIAH BERLIN's series of lectures on "A Marvellous Decade" appeared in last June's ENCOUNTER. The rest of the lectures will now appear in consecutive issues of this magazine, beginning this month. . . . HUGH GAITSKELL's article is largely based on an address given at University College, London. . . . PETER WILES is a Fellow of New College, Oxford, and a leading authority on Soviet statistics. . . . RICHARD WOLLHEIM is Lecturer in Philosophy at University College, London. . . . DAVID DAICHES, formerly Professor of English at Cornell University, U.S.A., is now a lecturer at the University of Cambridge. . . . T. R. FYVEL has contributed articles and reviews to previous issues of ENCOUNTER. . . . G. S. FRASER, poet and critic, is at present engaged in editing an anthology of modern verse. . . . ARDON LYON, an undergraduate at Christ's College, Cambridge, went to the Warsaw Youth Festival in order to "see things for himself." On his return, he and five of his friends managed to become front-page news by smuggling out a 19-year-old Polish student.

WE should like to apologise for the fact that, as a result of a misunderstanding, Professor A. J. Ayer's article in our last issue was incorrectly titled. It should have been called "The Spirit of Nihilism."

ENCOUNTER is published by
Martin Secker & Warburg Ltd.

7 John Street, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.1
for

THE CONGRESS FOR CULTURAL FREEDOM
104 Boulevard Haussmann, Paris 8, France

PRESIDENT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
Denis de Rougemont

SECRETARY-GENERAL
Nicolas Nabokov

The views expressed in the pages of ENCOUNTER are to be attributed to the writers, not to the sponsors

CHATTO



WINDUS

★ 1855 - 1955 ★

DAVID GARNETT

The Flowers of the Forest

Being Volume Two of *The Golden Echo*

This, the second volume of Mr. Garnett's autobiography, takes his story from 1914 to 1923.

'A clear, candid and engaging volume full of anecdote and uninhibited portraits . . . he has succeeded in giving us the closest and most personal interior of Bloomsbury that we have had so far. His gossip is more than gossip; it is character reading and part of social history.'

V. S. Pritchett

★ BOOK SOCIETY ALTERNATIVE NON-FICTION CHOICE ★

Illustrated, 21s

ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH

Gift from the Sea

'A wise and beautiful book. For those who care about the search for serenity in the midst of chaos, here is much wisdom written with a quietness that brings a delight of its own.'

Harper's Magazine.

7s 6d

L. & E. HANSON

Portrait of Vincent

This life of Vincent Van Gogh, by the authors of *The Noble Savage*, uses the many letters recently published in Amsterdam, and shows the great painter to have been an even more intricate character than was hitherto known.

3 November, Illustrated, 15s

FICTION

DAVID GARNETT

Aspects of Love

This is the most moving, human story he has written, and will rank with the classic *Lady into Fox*.

8s 6d

JOHN BROPHY

The Nimble Rabbit

A light-hearted, satiric comedy of manners set behind the scenes of the literary world in New York, London and Paris.

'One's interest is held from the very first page. Mr. Brophy is a first-rate storyteller, skilful in characterization and apt in comment . . . has an agreeably astringent flavour as well as a robust vitality.'

Gerald Bullett

★ BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION ★

13s 6d

Abioseh D. Nicol

Love's Own Tears

BOSOM! Bosom! Bosom!
*Take me into thy Bosom, Lord,
take me quickly."*

The little black boy paused in awe outside as he listened to his grandmother dying inside the wooden frame-house with the shutters now let down. It was hot. The heat shimmered over the tin roofs of the African city and settled in a thin blue haze over the surrounding Sierra Leone mountains. He bounced his ball slowly: he knew granny was dying—that was an established fact—he had heard his mother saying so over the fence to the neighbours next door. He knew also that it was something ordinary because although the old woman yelled at the top of her voice no one paid exceptional attention apart from giving her a little water now and again and sometimes patting her gently where she said it hurt most. On the other hand, he felt something eventful was going to take place from the snatches of whispered conversation he had overheard; the steady but concerted buzz of activity; and the fact that no one paid much attention to his normal misdemeanours. Only once had he been shoo-ed out of the way. He had gone inside on some pretext and had asked his mother what was a bosom. She had paused. "Granny's dying," she said. "Granny's being taken into the bosom of her Lord. There are such a lot of things I've got to do," she continued with an abstracted air. "I've got to get some white silk material for her shroud from the new Indian shop near the railway station;

and also white gloves and white stockings. Then I've got to find someone to turn round all the looking-glasses with their faces to the wall. This one in the parlour is too heavy for me to turn round since my operation. But what in heaven's name am I doing standing about and talking when there is so much to do and what are you doing here? Didn't I tell you to stay outside? In fact, find your hat and you'll go and stay with your Aunt Jemimah until everything is over." He was bitterly disappointed but only momentarily as his father had come along and pleaded indulgently for him. "Let him stay, the little rascal," he said. "He's growing up. It is time he started to know the facts of life," and standing behind his mother's back he sent a little wink down to him. He ran outside reprieved and started bouncing his ball again slowly. The little girl from next door looked in to play. "What's the matter with your Granny," she asked, "she's been shouting all day. I asked my Mama," she continued, "but she slapped me and said not to humbug her."

"Granny's dying, that's what it is," he replied importantly, "Granny's being taken into the bosom of her Lord. Catch!"

GRANNY died the next day. She upset calculations a little because she had been expected to die the afternoon before. "Never mind," someone said, "life is like that." The blinds came down; the mirrors were turned round, revealing various chalk marks some of which were hastily wiped off.

Ada, his elder sister, passed him snatches of information as she hurried by. She was twelve and on the brink of womanhood. She had already started to move her hips to and fro in the gait of adult African women. "There's going to be a wake tonight," she told him, "but you will be in bed," she added brutally. "Then afterwards there will be the three-day ceremony and feasting, one on the seventh day and one on the fortieth day. Granny's ghost will rise on the third day. You will soon begin to hear the church bell ringing once every five minutes or so to tell everybody Granny's dead." He did hear the bell, in fact. He had been sent by his mother to buy some packets of hairpins down the road at a Syrian shop. "Put the shilling under your tongue," she had said, "so that you won't lose it. Don't play with wicked boys in the street, and keep to the side of the road and mind the motor cars."

He'd bought the hairpins and was on his way home when he heard a single stroke of the church bell. He heard two old men talking. They were well dressed and waved their arms with a gentle movement as they spoke. They looked like black Regency dandies. "People die so frequently nowadays," one said to the other. "Who is it this time?" "Oh, the bell's tolling for Granny Jones, the one whose daughter is married to Mr. Julius Coker, the chief clerk at the Post Office." "Ah, Julius Coker," the other one replied, "I know him well, we both belong to the same Masonic Lodge, I should attend the funeral. It must mean serious expenses for him, a man in his position," he concluded, with satisfaction, and some pleasure. The little boy drew nearer. He wanted to tell them somehow that he was connected with this important event. One of them noticed him. "What is it, my child? Have you lost your way?" He moved the change carefully from his mouth before replying. "No, sir, I haven't. It's my Granny who is dead. I am six years and ten months old and I am not a child. I am a youth." Then he ran home.

The wake took place that night and Granny was laid out in a huge four-poster bed, dressed somewhat as a bride. She had a

white scarf passed under her chin and knotted over her head to keep her lower jaw from dropping. She wore a half smile as if of secret sly amusement. Candles were lit around the bed and in the different rooms in the house. Revival hymns from "Sankey and Moody" were sung extensively. He wandered from room to room, standing and sitting in the shadows watching with bright eyes and listening to all that was said. Refreshments were handed round in the form of small glasses of rum, bits of sweet cake and bread. He heard a couple of women grumbling about what little rum they had been given. One said she did not think it was good Jamaica rum at all, but cheap South African wine. How they expected Christian souls to sing well with such stuff inside, the Lord only knew. He moved off to another room. Here he heard someone saying that Granny herself foretold her own death a year ago. This very morning, the person continued, when he had woken up at his home five miles away he had heard a special bird calling and chirping steadily in his garden for a long time. He knew before the news reached him that an important death had taken place in the family. The boy wandered off restlessly to the rear porch and listened to his mother telling some younger women how expensive the shroud had been, it was French material, she said. Finally he went back to the parlour to watch Granny. By then the old women sitting round the bed had fallen asleep and in the flickering candlelight it seemed to him that Granny's face was more alive than theirs.

ON THE next afternoon amidst a lot of wailing, Granny was put in her coffin with her wedding ring on, her engagement bible with "MIZPAH" stamped on it in gold letters clasped in her stiff, gloved hand. The lid of the coffin was nailed on and he smelt a heavy sweet decaying scent from the crushed wreaths. The coffin was lifted and taken outside, put in the hearse which was hand pulled and then they moved slowly up to the stone church on the hill. He was in front, and with his father and mother reached the Pastor standing in the entrance of the church.

They waited and looked round at the rest of the procession following. The choir boys, the Dorcas Association, the Mothers' Union, the Band of Hope and various other organisations in their uniforms and sometimes with a small banner. These were all societies Granny had belonged to and had supported financially and morally. His mother looked also at the great crowd with satisfaction. She tried to estimate their number. The Pastor looked too, with his stern face. "They never come to church," he thought, "except for society funerals and weddings." He must say something about that in his sermon, and point out Granny Jones's example to them. She had served her Lord well.

They had all reached by now. He turned round and against the darkness it seemed to the little boy that the standing figure was a cassock and surplice without hands and without head, but it was momentary. The priest moved a little into the light and one could then see his greyish mahogany face and hands clasped behind his back. "I am the resurrection and the life," he began. The organ groaned softly; he began to walk delicately up the aisle. Throughout the service the boy's attention wandered from face to face and always back to the coffin. It all seemed to him an exaggerated play-acting and Granny would soon tap on the lid and get up and tell them all to stop this nonsense. He remembered her reclining on her favourite easy chair with her legs wide open and her long print frock tucked between them; there he would stand leaning against her great belly with his head on her breast. He would hear all the strange comforting sounds coming from within; the steady one like a horse galloping and the distant gurgling ones like a swirling stream. He would listen to these with one ear and with the other to Granny steadily chewing cola-nuts and giving advice to her constant visitors and numerous relations. He would feel the hard satisfaction in his mouth as he sucked his thumb. . . . His mother woke him as they were singing the last hymn, as she leaned forward to put on her shoes, which she always took off in church. "You must go home now

with Ada," she whispered to him. "You are too tired to come to the burial ground." "No, Mother, I want to come," he said. He felt that it was important to see the thing through. "Let him come, the little man," his father said. "All right, but you will have to carry him on your back if he is tired on the way," she replied.

THEY started on the long road to the cemetery passing the well-built houses on to the quarter where the old and faded ones, which had been let out in single rooms to up-country peasants, were situated. Ada, his elder sister, explained various things to him as they went on. She said that if you were tall enough and held a mirror up facing the plumed hearse you would see Granny sitting on top of the coffin. The procession was a long one and snatches of hymns came from different portions and met in a chorus. Someone began to sing "Jesu, lover of my soul" in a thin female reedy voice and after the first verse they all joined in and then they came to the end of that. And then it was shuffle, shuffle. The hearse dragged by four men, two pulling in front and two pushing from behind, slowly came to rest and the rest of the procession gradually halted in swaying waves like a long railway train. The front of the procession peered out to see what was wrong and those behind peered over their shoulders. He saw the men near the hearse pulling and shoving with perspiring brows and the veins on their foreheads standing out like whipcords. Then they stopped and wiped their faces with large red handkerchiefs.

"It is no use," one of them said ponderously, "the coffin has suffered a stoppage."

"The coffin has suffered a stoppage," the whispers wafted to and fro like dry leaves in a playful wind. "They say it's no use."

At last one old woman of about eighty with a large white hat stuck on the kerchief on her head, stepped forward and stood in front of the hearse. She spoke in a voice of high intonation and suppressed pride. She was sure that none of them would know, she said, because they were all far too young. The crowd gathered round, and the little boy

watched her toothless mouth and the skin of her face wrinkled like old worn leather. Too young, she repeated, but she knew. Did they all see this house, she asked, pointing to a large dilapidated two-storied wooden frame building from the windows of which the present occupants were by then staring with interest. "Yes, old mother," everyone said, "we see the house." It was from this very house, she cried, that sixty years ago their departed sister, her friend, had been led away as a bride. "Ah-ha," everybody said. "No wonder the coffin doesn't move."

"Mary," the old woman shouted, looking sternly at the hearse, "we all know that you left here as a bride, because you have lingered to show us, now you must go home like a good girl, your real home." "Mary," she repeated, with a loud scream, "I have spoken to you. I am older than you and you've heard me." She started moving back to her place in the procession. "Pull now," she said carelessly to the men surrounding the hearse, and as she went back they pushed. The hearse moved, the procession slowly went on the way. "You've done well, old mother," they said to the old woman. "It was nothing. Old age makes one understand these things," she replied.

The scantily clothed peasants peering from the windows of the old and now dilapidated house, observed the whole incident with considerable interest making soft clucking noises as they did so. "It is the Creole settlers, the black Englishmen," they said to their children, lifting them up to see better; "they are having one of their important Christian funerals."

THEY moved slowly for about half an hour; by then he was beginning to feel tired and he regretted that he had not gone back home as his mother had suggested after the church service; but he remembered his father and he held his head high, walking more firmly. A few hundred yards from the cemetery they stopped again as a middle-aged unshaven man with few teeth and dressed rather shabbily in a white drill suit, stood in front of the procession and held up

his arms. "Josiah always makes an exhibition of himself at these things," the boy heard his mother mutter fiercely. "Why are we all so sad, and with such long faces?" Josiah shouted to the crowd. "Has Granny done anything wrong?"

"No," some of the crowd replied enthusiastically.

The more well dressed stood about uneasily.

"Did Granny die making confessions like a witch?" Josiah asked again.

"No," came the loud reply again.

"Then clearly we must dance her home," Josiah concluded.

So some men dragged the coffin from the hearse and put it on their shoulders.

"What nonsense is this?" the clergyman whispered to one of the churchwardens walking by him.

"People must vent their feelings on these occasions, it is the native in us!" the other said soothingly, glancing at his gold hunter and putting it back in his waistcoat pocket. By then two other men had joined Josiah, who had produced a trumpet from nowhere. One of the other men held a trombone, the other a bombadine.

"Oh, mother, where are you going to?" Josiah bellowed musically.

"We are going to the Lord . . ." some of the crowd sang in reply.

"Oh, sister, where are you going to?" he asked again in a terrible baritone.

"The Lord calls me," more of the crowd shouted, singing, some clasping their hands rhythmically.

The boy watched Josiah's open mouth with its few decayed stumps of teeth stained brown with tobacco and cola-nut. A thick strand of spit, stretched out across the open lips, vibrated like a plucked harp string as Josiah led the singing of "Going home to Canaan Land," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and other Negro Spirituals.

The crowd had woken to life by then and some danced with absorbed concentration, the sweat pouring down their black and brown faces.

The coffin swayed precariously on the shoulders of the bearers as they danced too.

Even the very respectable members who had appearances to keep up, although they did not dance, walked with a slight jaunt to show that although not entirely approving, they understood the spirit of the thing.

The procession rounded a corner and saw a handful of English sailors walking towards them. The crowd stopped dancing quickly and a little shamefacedly they walked silently.

"We cannot show our private grief to strangers," Josiah said to the musicians near him. "And besides," he added, "one of them might take our photo and put it in a book as 'Natives dancing'."

The sailors stood to attention, taking off their caps as the coffin, borne aloft, passed them. A ripple of approval flowed through the crowd as they observed this.

"Some of these English people come from good homes and are well brought up," the boy's father said to his mother.

The sailors looked at the procession curiously after it had passed. "I thought I heard them playing some hot New Orleans stuff before they came round this road," a lanky freckled one said. "It's your face, Nobby boy," an older one teased him, "one look at you and the darkies lose all their natural joy." "I wish I had brought my camera, though," the other said.

SOON they reached the tall iron gates of the cemetery and the tombstones seemed to the boy like the playground of some giant who had been playing bricks and had been called away suddenly. The crowd re-formed its ranks and filed quietly to the graveside. "*Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes Shine through the gloom. . .*"

The pastor would repeat the verse first and then they would sing it. The boy squeezed his way through the forest of legs and came to the front wedging his head between his father's black trousers and the priest. He looked down into the grave and saw at the bottom a small puddle. He observed with interest a pink earthworm wriggling near the edge of the grave, then it fell in and landed in the puddle. It started lashing about in a mad, tortured fashion.

"There must be salt in that water," he thought.

He looked up and round to see if anyone else had seen it. But they were all looking at their prayer books. He shifted his weight uneasily from one leg to the other. He tried to listen to what the pastor was saying. He caught a few phrases. He heard him say, "this our departed sister." He looked at him with interest. The man must be Granny's brother then. No one had told him. But he had also said "departed." Granny was still there in front of them in that box. Perhaps they were going to throw her away.

The wind coming from the sea blew the priest's long scarf against his face as he leaned against his father's leg. The cloth was rough and smelt old and tired. The white seagulls swirled and swooped above, outlined against the brave reckless pink and crimson of the short tropical twilight. He listened to the intoning voice and saw the box lowered carefully down into the grave, confirming his worst suspicions. But by now he was tired and did not mind so much. He yawned and shifted his weight again to the other leg. Then after some time, they started shovelling earth in in slow thuds. He saw his mother opposite weep, struggle as if to dive into the grave. He turned round excitedly and said to his sister Ada:

"Mother's jumping in too."

"No," Ada said, with a complacent and matter-of-fact air. "She won't jump in—she knows they'll hold her back—she has to make as if she was going to jump in with grief, or else people would say it was a disgrace and she never really loved Granny." This disappointed him not a little.

They started walking back to town in small groups.

LET us take a taxi," his mother suggested. She had felt him dragging behind as he held on to her.

His father signalled to one which pulled up suddenly with screeching brakes.

"Where to you want for go, sir?" the taxi-man asked.

His father answered.

"Ten bob!" the driver said experimentally, after looking them over.

"Nonsense!"

"You mean such finely dressed people going to such a good address cannot pay a poor man ten bob! And look at the little boy, so tired," he added cunningly.

"I shall give you two shillings."

"Two shillings! Jesus Christ! Do you think I run this taxi on water? . . . I shall take you for five shillings as a special favour. Jump in."

"We will walk. That's all," and they started off again.

"Let us take it at the price," the boy's mother said. "After all, it is a special occasion. Granny does not die every day."

"Let's keep walking," his father replied, "these taxi chaps are rogues. He will come on again, you'll see."

And so he did. The taxi pulled up alongside.

"All right, master, jump in," the taximan said with a sweeping gesture of the hand. "Black man is never kind to his brother," he complained, "I shall take you for three shillings."

"I will give you two shillings and not a penny more."

The taximan, with an injured look, opened the door and they climbed in and started off with a great jerk and splutter. His father counted out two shillings and sixpence and gave it to him to give the driver when they alighted. As they jolted along, he began to feel a small stabbing pain lower down. The fear and horror grew slowly that he was going to wet himself on this, his first big occasion as a man. He fought down the panic and crossed his legs tightly. He tried to forget it by asking questions.

"Where has Granny gone?"

"Granny's gone home," his mother answered.

She was preoccupied, the heaviness of death and facing Granny's empty room on their return had started to make her sigh and groan a little.

"Mama, why do you make that noise?"

"What noise?"

He took a deep breath and made a sighing noise and groaned. His father laughed.

"You encourage the boy," his mother said.

"Where is the other house Granny has gone to?" he continued asking.

"Over there," his father replied waving vaguely.

"Where?"

"There! Where the blue sky meets the sea and where the sun hides at night."

"So it will never be dark where Granny is."

"You speak the truth, my son, it is always light near the Throne," his Mama said with another deep sigh.

He wondered dismally whether he would last. Soon, mercifully, they reached home. He had worked out all he should do. He scrambled out first and then helped out his mother and sister. He gave the taximan two shillings first and then the sixpence. The taximan said "Thank you, little master" to him with a smile and then said "Thank you, sir" to his father.

His parents took his hands on either side and walked towards their wooden gate.

Already he could feel warm wet drops on his inside thigh. He tore his hands from their grip with a sob and rushed round the side of the house making for the yard and the small outhouse.

"Where are you going?" his mother shouted after him, trying to catch him, but he was away.

"Leave him," his father said, "he wants to go and cry privately for his Granny. He loved her. And men only cry in secret."

Alan S. C. Ross

U and non-U

An Essay in Sociological Linguistics

TODAY, in 1955, the English class-system is essentially tripartite—there exist an upper, a middle, and a lower class. It is solely by its language that the upper class is clearly marked off from the others. In times past (e.g. in the Victorian and Edwardian periods) this was not the case. But, today, a member of the upper class is, for instance, not necessarily better educated, cleaner, or richer than someone not of this class. Nor, in general, is he likely to play a greater part in public affairs, be supported by other trades or professions,* or engage in

other pursuits or pastimes than his fellow of another class. There are, it is true, still a few minor points of life which may serve to demarcate the upper class,* but they are only

*In this article I use the terms *upper class* (abbreviated: U), *correct*, *proper*, *legitimate*, *appropriate* (sometimes also *possible*) and similar expressions (including some containing the word *should*) to designate usages of the upper class; their antonyms (*non-U*, *incorrect*, *not proper*, *not legitimate*, etc.) to designate usages which are not upper class. These terms are, of course, used factually and not in reprobation (indeed I may at this juncture emphasise a point which is doubtless obvious, namely that this whole article is purely factual). *Normal* means common both to U and non-U. I often use expressions such as *U-speaker* to denote a member of the upper class and, also, *gentleman*, pl. *gentlemen* (for brevity, in respect of either sex—the plural *gentlefolk* is no longer U). Class-distinction is very dear to

*It may, however, be doubted how far the Navy and the Diplomatic Service will in practice (in contradistinction to theory) be “democratised,” even if there should be a succession of Labour Governments; foreigners seem to expect English diplomats to be of the upper class.

[In the September ENCOUNTER, Miss Nancy Mitford referred to a learned article by Professor Alan S. C. Ross (who occupies the Chair of Linguistics in the University of Birmingham) on “Linguistic Class-Indicators in Present-Day English,” published in “*Neuphilologische Mitteilungen*” (a well-known Finnish philological periodical published by *Uusfilologinen Yhdistys*). In view of the extraordinary interest that Miss Mitford’s essay provoked, we think our readers will be interested in the following extracts from Professor Ross’s article. We have been forced to omit some over-technical sections on phonetics, and Professor Ross has been kind enough to revise a few of the other sections so as to make them more easily comprehensible to the lay reader.

We should like to apologise to our readers and would-be readers for having been unable to fulfil their many requests for copies of the September issue, which was sold out immediately after publication. We have, however, prepared a special reprint of Miss Mitford’s essay on “The English Aristocracy,” which will be sent to those who write for it, enclosing 2½d. in stamps to cover postage.—ED.]

minor ones. The games of real tennis and piquet,* an aversion to high tea, having one's cards† engraved (not printed), not playing tennis in braces, and, in some cases, a dislike of certain comparatively modern inventions such as the telephone, the cinema, and the wireless, are still perhaps marks of the upper class.‡ Again, when drunk, gentlemen often become amorous or maudlin or vomit in public, but they never become truculent.

In the present article I am concerned with

the heart of the upper class and talk about it is hedged with taboo. Hence, as in sexual matters, a large number of circumlocutions is used. Forty years ago, as I understand, U-speakers made use of *lady* and *gentleman* without self-consciousness; the antonym of *gentleman* was often *cad* or *bounder*. Today, save by older people, these terms can hardly be used to indicate class-distinction, for they sound either pedantic or facetious (*you cad, Sir!*). *Lady* and *Gentleman* have, of course, senses quite unconnected with class-distinction, but, today, the use of these words in the sense "man" and "woman" between U-speakers has almost entirely vanished save when prefixed with *old* (*There's an old LADY to see you* is different from *There's an old WOMAN to see you*, for the former implies that the person is U, the latter that she is very non-U). *She's a nice lady* is non-U, *He's a nice gentleman* even more so (*man, woman, or girl* being the U-use here).

* But solo whist (or *solo* as its devotees call it) is non-U, though much "lower" games (e.g. pontoon, nap, and even Slippery Sam) are not necessarily so. Whist used to be a U-game but is, today, almost entirely confined to whist-drives, which are non-U (*they STAND UP to deal, my dear!*).

† The normal U-word is *card* (though this is ambiguous with (*playing*)-*card*). *Carte de visite* was apparently U but would today seem unbearably old-fashioned. *Calling-card* and *visiting-card* are non-U; the latter term is, in any case, an unfortunate one because of the non-U slang phrase *He's left his visiting-card* (of a dog)—foreigners would do well to beware of "idiomatic" sentences such as *The Picts left their visiting-card in the Pentland Firth* (said, in a public lecture, meaning that the name *Pict* is preserved in the first element of *Pentland*).

‡ Certainly many U-speakers hunt—but hunting has for long been something that the *nouveau riche* knows he should do in order to be U; many farmers hunt too. So, today, hunting is not *ipso facto* a class-indicator.

the linguistic demarcation of the upper class. This subject has been but little investigated, though it is much discussed, in an unscientific manner, by members of that class. The late Professor H. C. Wyld wrote a short article on the subject. He was well equipped for the task, for he was both a gentleman and a philologist. Today, his views are perhaps a little old-fashioned; for instance, the dictum "No gentleman goes on a bus," attributed to him, is one which most gentlemen have to neglect.

Both the written and the spoken language of the upper class serve to demarcate it, but the former to only a very slight extent. A piece of mathematics or a novel written by a member of the upper class is not likely to differ in any way from one written by a member of another class, except in so far as the novel contains conversation. In writing, it is, in fact, only modes of address, postal addresses, and habits of beginning and ending letters that serve to demarcate the class.

Before proceeding to the detail of the present study I must emphasise that I am here concerned only with usages which serve to demarcate the upper class. The line of demarcation relevant to this study is, often, a line between, on the one hand, gentlemen and, on the other, persons who, though not gentlemen, might at first sight appear, or would wish to appear, as such. Thus, habits of speech peculiar to the lower classes find no place here. I may also note here that the U-demarcation is of two types: (1) a certain U-feature has a different, non-U, counterpart, as non-U *wealthy* = U *rich*; (2) a certain feature is confined to U-speech and it has a counterpart which is not confined to non-U speech, e.g. the pronunciations of *girl* to rhyme with *hell* and *Hal* are U, but many (perhaps most male) U-speakers, like all non-U-speakers, use the pronunciation that rhymes with *curl*.

I. The Written Language

THE following points may be considered:

- (1) Names on envelopes, etc.
- (2) Beginnings of letters.
- (3) Names on cards.

- (4) Postal addresses on envelopes, etc., at the heads of letters, and on cards.
- (5) Letter-endings.

Of these points the first three are mutually linked and the second—beginnings of letters—is linked with the spoken language; for, in general, a person known to the writer is written to and spoken to in the same mode of address. It will therefore be convenient to treat all modes of address together, though this means taking the spoken modes out of place.

Modes of address, particularly those used for the nobility, have always been a bugbear to the non-U. It is, for instance, non-U to speak of an earl as *The Earl of P—*; he should be spoken of and to as *Lord P—* and also so addressed at the beginning of a letter if an introduction between him and the speaker/writer has been effected. If the acquaintance is close, *P—* should be used instead of *Lord P—*. Letters to baronets and knights to whom one has been introduced should begin *Dear Sir A— X—** if the acquaintance is slight, *Dear Sir A—* if it is not slight. In speaking *to* one, only *Sir A—* is possible. In speaking *of* one, *Sir A—* should not be used unless the acquaintance is fairly close, *Sir A— X—*, or *X—*, being correct. If the acquaintance is slight or non-existent, the use of *Sir A—* in speaking of a baronet or knight is non-U and “snobbish”† as attempt-

* *A—, B—, C—*, etc. are christian names (the initials being written *A., B., C.*, etc.); *X—* is a surname.

† “Snobs” are of two kinds; *true snobs* (Thackeray’s kind) and *inverted snobs*. Both kinds respect a person the more the better bred he is. True snobs indicate this in their behaviour to, and in their conversation about, persons of good family, though they do not usually admit this. In their conversation about (but not in their behaviour to) such persons, inverted snobs indicate that they respect a person the less the better bred he is. One would expect to find a third category: those who really do respect a person the less the better bred he is, and indicate it. But this third category does not appear to exist. Nearly all English people are snobs of one of the two kinds (in this respect England differs from Finland and Iceland and resembles Spain

ing to raise the social tone of the speaker. Letters to ambassadors whom one does not know should begin *Dear Excellency* and the envelope should be addressed *H.E. The P— Ambassador*. In speech, a Lieutenant-Commander is addressed as *Commander*, a Lieutenant in the Army as *Mister*. In concluding this section it may be noted that, in writing letters to noblemen of very high rank, the rules laid down in the etiquette-books* need not always be strictly observed. Thus a Duke addressed by a stranger as *Dear Sir* would not necessarily conclude that his correspondent was non-U; he might be a left-wing gentleman with a dislike of dukedoms.

On envelopes, gentlemen put *Esq.* after the names of persons who are, or who might wish to be considered, gentlemen, whether in fact armigerous or not. *Esq.* is, however, not used of oneself, e.g. neither on a card (which bears *Mr.*) nor on a stamped-and-addressed envelope enclosed for a reply (which has merely *A— B. X—* or *A. B. X—* without prefix). Knowledge of at least one initial of the recipient’s name is, of course, a prerequisite for addressing him with *Esq.* If the writer has not this minimum knowledge (and cannot, or is too lazy to obtain it) he will be in a quandary. In these circumstances I myself use the Greek letter Θ (as $\Theta. Smith, Esq.$), but this is probably idiosyncratic. But to address someone as “*—Smith,*” *Esq.* is not so much non-U as definitely rude.† Gentlemen usually address non-U males as *Mr.*; in internal circulation (e.g. in Government offices), gentlemen may address each other in this way. Schoolboys at their preparatory school (and younger boys) should be addressed as *Master*; at their public school, merely as *A. B. X—* (without prefix or suffix). The non-U usually address all adult

and pre-War Hungary). And, just as it is impossible to find someone exactly half male and half female, so it is impossible to find an Englishman in whom true and inverted snobbery exactly balance.

* It is, of course, very non-U actually to consult these.

† I may note here that many U-speakers omit the *Esq.* on cheques.

males as *Mr.*, but tradespeople have copied the use of *Esq.* from their customers. Those gentlemen who are inverted snobs dislike *Esq.*, but, since they know that to address someone as *Mr.* is non-U, they avoid this also and address all adult males without prefix or suffix (like the correct mode of address for public-school boys). Intellectuals, of any class, often begin letters, even where the acquaintance is slight, with *Dear A— X—*.

Postal addresses. It is non-U to place the name of a house in inverted commas (as "*Fairmeads*") or to write the number in full, either without or (especially) with inverted commas (as *Two*,—worse "*Two*,"—*St. Patrick's Avenue*). The names of many houses are themselves non-U; the ideal U-address is *P— Q—, R—*, where *P—* is a place-name, *Q—* a describer, and *R—* the name (or abbreviation) of a county as *Shinwell Hall, Salop*.* But, today, few gentlemen can maintain this standard and they often live in houses with non-U names such as *Fairmeads* or *El Nido*.

Letter-endings. The U rules for ending letters are very strict; failure to observe them usually implies non-U-ness, sometimes only youth. In general, the endings of letters are conditioned by their beginnings. Thus a beginning (*Dear*) *Sir*† requires the ending *Yours faithfully*, unless the writer hopes to meet the recipient when *Yours very truly* may be used. Acquaintances who begin letters with *Dear Mr. X—* sign them *Yours sincerely* or *Yours very sincerely*; perversely, the latter ending is less cordial than the former. People who know each other really well will begin *Dear A—* or *Dear X—* (males only) and sign *Yours ever*. The ending

Yours is often used even by gentlemen if they are in doubt as to which ending is appropriate.

The name after the letter-ending offers little scope for comment. Letters are perhaps most usually signed in such forms as *A— X—, A— B. X—, A. B— X—* (the choice between the two last depending upon which christian name the writer is normally called by). If the writer is unknown (or not well-known) to the recipient, the latter cannot know whether the former is plain *Mr.* (if male), *Miss*, *Mrs.*, or something else (if female); it is therefore usual for the writer to inform the recipient if he is other than plain *Mr.* (if male), other than *Miss* (if female). In handwritten letters, a usual way of doing this is to sign as, for instance, (*Professor*) *A— B. X—*; in typewritten letters (*Professor A— B. X—*) may be typed below the handwritten signature *A— B. X—*. I have seen long titles (e.g. *Dowager Countess of*) appended as footnotes to the signature. In concluding this section I may mention that people sometimes sign themselves (or enter their names in lists, etc.) with the surname only; this usage is very non-U, the reason for its non-U-ness lying in the fact that the correct signature of peers is of this form (e.g. the Earl of *P—* signs himself just *P—*).*

Here I may refer to R. W. Chapman's excellent *Names, designations & appellations*, published in 1946.† The author states (p. 231) that the work is "an attempt to describe the modern use, in good society in this country, of personal names and designations, spoken or written, in the second or third person."‡ Chapman does not specifically deal with non-U usages but, since his enumeration is intended as exhaustive, it may be assumed that,

* Here I may note a curious indicator. In speaking, it is, in general, non-U to use the whole name of such a house as in *I'm going to Shinwell Hall* (the U-sentence would be *I'm going to Shinwell*)—this obtains whether the house belongs to the speaker (or his relatives) or not.

† Whether the writer is U or not, this is the normal beginning of all business letters to unknowns; the variant *Sir* is correctly used to government officials, *Sire* (or *Your Majesty*) to kings; *My Dear Sir* is felt as American.

* The correct form of postcards differs slightly from that of letters, for both the beginning (*Dear A—*, etc.) and the ending (*Yours sincerely*, etc.) are omitted. Some U-speakers feel it wrong to sign a postcard to a friend by anything save the bare initial(s) (*A.* or *A. B. X.*).

† S. P. 3. Tract No. XLVII.

‡ By the "second person" he means speaking to a person, by the "third person," speaking of one.

essentially, usages divergent from those given by him are non-U, except in so far as I have dealt with them.

I may comment on certain points mentioned by Chapman where the usage of 1955 differs from that of a rather old-fashioned person writing some years earlier. I arrange the commentary by the pages of his book, either citing passages therefrom in inverted commas, or (where this would be too lengthy) indicating in square brackets [" "] the point under discussion.

pp. 237-8. ["Spouse: third person."] The mode in which a speaker refers to his spouse is markedly distinct as between U- and non-U-speakers. A U-speaker, naming his wife to an equal, normally says *My wife* (or uses her christian name); to a very non-U person he says *Mrs. X*—. Chapman says (p. 237) of a U-speaker referring to the hearer's wife ["'Your wife' may be over-familiar if I do not know Jones (i.e. the hearer) very well"]. He advocates the use, then, of *Mrs. Jones*. Actually, I think that, of recent years, there has been a considerable increase in the use of *Your wife*, *Your husband* by U-speakers, even in cases where the acquaintance is of the slightest. Non-U-speakers do not in general make use of *my/your wife/husband*, preferring *Mr./Mrs. X*—.

p. 238. ["'What does Weston think of the weather?', Mr. Knightly asked Mrs. Weston. But I should be chary of following this precedent."] I agree with Chapman. There is, however, rather a similar case, not mentioned by Chapman (doubtless because it is a very minor one) where surnames may be used. Schoolboys and young men frequently refer to each other by their surnames, so parents of a boy, talking to one of his acquaintances, often use the acquaintance's surname because they do not know his christian name; similarly, the acquaintance may call the son by his surname to the parents. It is not until a boy gets older (c. 16?) that he realises that he must deliberately ascertain his friends' christian names in order to be able to refer to them correctly to their parents. At Oxford in the late twenties the use of the surname in these circumstances

was a known *gaucherie* and must therefore have been fairly usual.*

p. 240. ["'Sir' is, of course, very often used between intimates with a slightly jocular or affectionate intention; one may say 'Good morning, Sir' to almost any intimate. 'My dear Sir, I am very glad to see you.' But 'My dear Sir' usually conveys a mild remonstrance."] These usages are, I think, obsolescent among U-speakers and young U-speakers are inclined to dislike them very much. In my experience people who use them are either non-U (very often, commercial travellers) or, if U, are elderly academics.

p. 241. ["The use of 'Sir' by young men to their seniors in general is not easily defined, and the practice varies."] This is certainly true; my own use is to reserve *Sir* for men of great age and/or great distinction. The War of 1939-45, like its predecessor of 1914-18, has brought about an enormous increase in the use of *Sir* because of Service rules. Chapman says ["Young women . . . are not expected to say *sir*"]—but now many do by reason of their having been in one of the women's Services.

p. 241. ["But is there any alternative (i.e. to *Miss*) if one is addressing a telephone operator or a barmaid?"] Yes; there is: silence, perhaps the most favourite of all U-usages today. Indeed it is remarkable how easy it is (save when engaged in activities such as bridge or poker) to avoid the use of any appellation at all.† This has become

* In connection with surnames, I may mention a habit not noted by Chapman, *viz.* the abbreviation of the surnames of close friends. It was apparently U and was certainly thriving in the nineties; at a much earlier period it appears in Mrs. Henry Wood's *Johnny Ludlow* where the young *Todhetley* is often called *Tod*. The custom is now obsolescent, save perhaps in the case of hyphenated surnames (*X-Y* may be called *X*) and between close women-friends (e.g. a *Miss Robinson* might be called *Robbie*).

† This U-habit of silence has had a curious corollary. Most nations say something when drinking (as *Skål* in Swedish or *Egészségére!* in Hungarian) but, until 1939, English U-speakers normally said nothing. Since then, however, the Service habit of saying something has become almost universal and most U-speakers

increasingly the practice of shyer gentlemen. The use of *Miss* in the circumstances mentioned by Chapman (and particularly to waitresses) is definitely non-U.

p. 243. ["Christian names."] On this matter, Chapman has a point of view out of date even by the early thirties. I can only just remember the time, in the very early twenties, when a typical boy-and-girl conversation might have run: "*He*: May I call you by your christian name? *She*: If you like. *He*: Er—what *is* your christian name?" Since that time the use of christian names by U-speakers has been continually increasing. In the thirties, it was quite customary for a member of a *partie carrée* going to a dance who was unknown to the other three to be introduced by the christian name alone (or, often, just as *John Smith* or *Jane Smith*, without prefix). In the War the use of christian names increased still further; in Government offices it was often the custom for a man at the head of a large section of girls to call them all by their christian names, while they called him *Mr. X*—

p. 248. ["Use of surnames by women."] In the third person, it is now very usual for women to use the surname only of men (e.g. of their husbands' friends); for men, or women, to use the surnames only of women in this way is less common, though in some circles (e.g. university ones) it is quite accepted. In the second person, the use of the bare surname without Christian name or prefix is rarer still. For a woman so to call a man is still either foreign, bohemian, or intellectual-left. In general, women call other women by the bare surname only in institutions for women (e.g. in girls' schools, women's colleges, hospitals, and, no doubt, in women's prisons).

p. 250. ["Dukes: third person."] I may add that dukes, if fairly well known to the speaker, may appropriately be referred to by christian name and title, e.g. *George Birmingham*, meaning *George, etc., Duke of Birmingham*.

therefore feel it churlish to say nothing; repressing a shudder, they probably say *Cheers!* (though hardly *God bless!* which, though also frequent in the Services, seems non-U).

p. 251. ["A facetious use."] *His Lordship*, in facetious use, is definitely non-U and, often, inverted snob. There is a somewhat similar non-U expression: *young master* (as in *Young master's making himself quite at home!*) used of a young man considered "la-di-da" (for this word see below).

pp. 251, 255. ["Abbreviations."] *Honourable* and *Reverend* are abbreviated either as *Honble.*, *Rev^d* or as *Hon.*, *Rev.* Both usages are quite U, though the former is the more old-fashioned.

p. 265. ["Some people say 'Miss Austen.'"] In my experience, to say *Miss Austen* instead of *Jane Austen* is either precious or pseudo-intellectual.

II. The Spoken Language

PRONUNCIATION

(1) In a few cases, a difference of stress serves to demarcate a pronunciation as between U and non-U. Thus *yésterdáy* (with the same stress as *Wéstern Ísles*) is non-U as against U *yesterday*; or, again, U *témporarily* / non-U *temporáryly*; U *fórmidable* / non-U *formidable*; U *int'resting* / non-U *interéstring*; *Vienna* is old-fashioned U for normal *Viénna*; *cónfessor* and *súccessor* (like *Mass* to rhyme with *pass*, instead of *gas*) appear to be confined to Catholic U-speakers (these call themselves *Catholic* with first syllable to rhyme with *bath*). In some cases two stress-variants may both be U as *spóngecake* or *spónge-cáke* (non-U-speakers hardly use the word, substituting *sponge* for it).

(2) To pronounce words like *ride* as if spelt *raid* is non-U (*raid* was, however, undoubtedly Shakespeare's pronunciation of *ride*). This kind of pronunciation is often called *refained*.

(3) Many (but not all) U-speakers make *get* rhyme with *bit*, *just* (adverb) with *best*, *catch* with *fetch*.

(4) In U speech, *spoon* rhymes with *boon*, in non-U speech with the Yorkshire pronunciation of *bun*. Some U-speakers make *gone* rhyme with *born*.

(5) U-speakers do not sound the *l* in *golf*, *Ralph* (which rhymes with *safe*), *solder*; some old-fashioned U-speakers do not sound

it in *falcon*, *Malvern*, either, but it is doubtful how far this last survives.

(6) *Real*, *ideal* have two, respectively, three syllables in U speech, one, respectively, two in non-U speech (note, especially, non-U *really*, rhyming with *mealie*).

(7) *Fault*, also, *Balkans*, *Baltic*, *halt*, *malt*, *salt*, *vault* are pronounced by the U as if spelt *fawlt*, *awlso*, *bawlkans*, etc.

(8) In *Berkeley*, *Berkshire*, *clerk*, *Derby*, U-speakers rhyme the first syllable with *dark* (or *bar*), non-U speakers with *mirk* (or *burr*).*

(9) Some U-speakers pronounce *tyre* and *tar* identically (and so for many other words, such as *fire*—even going to the length of making *lion* rhyme with *barn*).

(10) *Miscellaneous words*. (a) *Acknowledge*: U—rhymes with *college* / non-U—2nd syllable rhymes with *bowl*. (b) *Either*: U—1st syllable rhymes with *buy* / non-U—1st syllable rhymes with *bee*. (c) *Forehead*: U—rhymes with *torrid* / non-U—*fore-head*. (d) *Handkerchief*: U—last syllable rhymes with *stiff* / non-U—last syllable rhymes with *beef* or *weave*. (e) *Hotel* and *humour*: to drop the *h* is old-fashioned U. (f) *Medicine* and *Venison*: U—two syllables / non-U—three syllables. (g) U *a nought* / non-U *an ought* (meaning “zero”). (h) *Tortoise*: U—pronounced identically with *taught us* / non-U—last syllable rhymes with *boys* or *Boyce*. (i) *Vase*: U—rhymes with *bars* / non-U—rhymes with *cause* or *maize*. (j) *W* (the letter)†: U *double-you* / non-U *dubby-you*.‡

* Since it is definitely non-U to pronounce *Berkeley* with first syllable rhyming with *mirk*, U-speakers get a frisson if they have to enunciate the surnames *Birkley*, *Burkly* (correctly pronounced with first syllable rhyming with *mirk*) for, if a U-hearer does not appreciate the spelling of the names (rare ones), they may be suspected of using a non-U pronunciation.

† The *W* is a frequent non-U expression for “the lavatory” (*W.C.* is also non-U)—hence, no doubt, the non-U children’s word *dubby* or *dub*. (In this connection I may mention a U expression: *Let me show you the GEOGRAPHY of the house* (meaning, essentially, the “lavatory”).)

‡ Oddly enough, *Grammar* and *Syntax* (two very important philological domains) produce hardly any marks of class-difference. I have

VOCABULARY

Article (meaning “chamber-pot”) is non-U; in so far as the thing survives, U-speakers use *jerry* (a schoolboy term) or *pot*.*

Bath. To *TAKE a bath* is non-U against U to *HAVE one’s bath*.

Civil: this word is used by U-speakers to approve the behaviour of a non-U person in that the latter has appreciated the difference between U and non-U, e.g. *The guard was certainly very civil*.

Coach (meaning “char-à-banc”) is non-U, doubtless because the thing itself is. Those U-speakers who are forced, by penury, to use them call them *buses*, thereby causing great confusion (a *coach* runs into the country, a *bus* within a town).

non-U *corsets* / U *stays*.

Counterpane, *bedspread*, *coverlet*. Of these three synonyms, I think that the first is U, the second obsolete, the third non-U.

Cruet. The sentence *Pass the cruet, please* is very non-U; *cruets* are in themselves non-U. In gentlemen’s houses there are, ideally, separate containers — *salt-cellars*, *pepper-pots* (-*castors*, -*grinders*, -*mills*) and *mustard-pots*, so that the corresponding U-expression will be *I wonder if you could pass the salt (pepper, mustard), please?* or the like. Vinegar is a fourth constituent of many cruet but many uses of vinegar (e.g. poured on fish or bacon-and-eggs) are definitely non-U.

Crust or *crumb*? used when cutting bread is (old-fashioned?) non-U.

Cultivated in *They’re cultivated people* is non-U and so also is *cultured*. There is really no U-equivalent (some U-speakers use *civilised* in this sense).

Cup. *How is your cup?* is a non-U equivalent of *Have some more tea?* or the like. Possible negative non-U answers are

noticed only (i) *I bought it at Woolworth* (without the final *’s*), a usage confined to some U-speakers; (ii) the non-U use of the prepositions in *He’s AT boarding-school*, *She’s ON holiday*; (iii) the North Country inversion in *He’s been very decent, has John*.

* But the (recent?) transitive verb *to pot*, used of babies, is surely non-U?

I'm doing nicely, thank you and (*Quite sufficient, thank you*). There is a well-known non-U affirmative answer: *I don't mind if I do* (but this was U about a century ago).

Cycle is non-U against U *bike*, *bicycle* (whether verb or noun); non-U *motorcycle* / U *motorbike*, *motorbicycle* is perhaps less pronouncedly so.

Dinner. U-speakers eat *lunch* in the middle of the day (*luncheon* is old-fashioned U) and *dinner* in the evening; if a U-speaker feels that what he is eating is a travesty of his dinner, he may appropriately call it *supper*. Non-U-speakers (also U-children and U-dogs), on the other hand, have their *dinner* in the middle of the day. *Evening meal* is non-U.

Dress-suit. This is a non-U word. A male U-speaker might answer the question *What shall I wear tonight?* in any of the following ways: (1) *Dinner jacket*; (2) *Short coat* (? old-fashioned); (3) *Black tie*; (4) *Tails*; (5) *White tie*. The term *evening dress* is often used on invitations but it has not a very wide currency among U-speakers (in any case, for men it is ambiguous); a sentence *Shall we wear evening dress?* would not be possible, the appropriate expression being *Are we going to change?*

Excuse my glove. This expression, used when shaking hands, is (? old-fashioned) non-U; male U-speakers do (used to ?) remove their glove in order to shake hands but say nothing.

Greatcoat (also *topcoat*?) are rather old-fashioned U, *overcoat* being normal. *Burberry** and *raincoat* are of the same genre, *macintosh* or *mac* being normal.

Greens meaning "vegetables" is non-U.

Home: non-U *They've a lovely home* / U *They've a very nice house*.

Horse-riding is non-U against U *riding*. From the non-U point of view the expression is reasonable, for to the non-U there are other kinds of riding (cf. non-U *to go for a motor-*

ride / U *to go for a drive in a motor-car*). But *bicycle-ride* is normal.

Ill in *I was very ill on the boat* is non-U against U *sick*.

Jack. At cards, *jack* is non-U against U *knave*, save in *jackpot* (at poker). My son, A. W. P. Ross, kindly calls my attention to the following passage from *Great Expectations* (ed. of 1861, vol. I, p. 126): "He calls the knaves, Jacks, this boy!" said Estella with disdain."

La-di-da is an expression with which the non-U stigmatise a U habit, speech-habit, or person.

Lounge is a name given by the non-U to a room in their houses; for U-speakers, *hall* or *dining-room* might well be the nearest equivalent (but all speakers, of course, speak of the *lounge* of a hotel).

non-U *mental* / U *mad*.

A matter of business is non-U (as in *Say you've come to see him on a matter of business*).

Mention: *If you don't mind my mentioning it* is non-U.

Mirror (save in compounds such as *driving*-, *shaving-mirror*) is non-U against U *looking-glass*.

non-U *note-paper* / U *writing-paper*.*

Pardon! is used by the non-U in three main ways: (1) if the hearer does not hear the speaker properly; (2) as an apology (e.g. on brushing by someone in a passage; (3) after hiccupping or belching. The normal U-correspondences are very curt, viz. (1) *What?* (2) *Sorry!* (3) [Silence], though, in the first two cases, U-parents and U-governesses are always trying to make children say something "politer"—*What did you say?* and *I'm frightfully sorry* are certainly possible. For Case 3 there are other non-U possibilities, e.g. *Manners! Beg Pardon! Pardon me!*

To Pass a (nasty) remark. *He passed the remark that . . .* is non-U.

Pleased to meet you! This is a very frequent non-U response to the greeting *How*

* This use of *Burberry* no doubt arose because, even before 1914 (when U-speakers were richer than non-U-speakers), this was a good and expensive kind of macintosh.

* This distinction (as well as some others, e.g. non-U *perfume* / U *scent*) is noted by Miss Nancy Mitford, *The Pursuit of Love* (1945 ed., p. 31).

d'you do? U-speakers normally just repeat the greeting; to reply to the greeting (e.g. with *Quite well, thank you*) is non-U.

Posh "smart" is essentially non-U but, recently, it has gained ground among school-boys of all classes.

non-U *preserve* / U *jam*.

non-U *radio* / U *wireless* (but *radio* technically as in aircraft).

Rude meaning "indecent" is non-U; there is no universal U-correspondent.

non-U *serviette* / U *table-napkin*; perhaps the best known of all the linguistic class-indicators of English.

Study in *He's studying for an exam.* is definitely non-U (U: *working for*).

Teacher is essentially non-U, though *school-teacher* is used by the U to indicate a non-U teacher. The U equivalent is *master*, *mistress* with prefixed attribute (as *maths-mistress*). Non-U children often refer to their teachers without article (as, *Teacher says . . .*).

non-U *toilet-paper* / U *lavatory-paper*.

non-U *wealthy* / U *rich*.

BEFORE concluding with some general remarks, there are two points which may appropriately receive mention here.

First, *slang*. There seems no doubt that, in the nineties and at least up to 1914, U-speakers (particularly young ones) were rather addicted to slang. Today, however, U-speakers use it little and regard much use of it as non-U—save, of course, in special circumstances (e.g. in the case of young boys at school). American slang is especially deprecated (save, perhaps, for O.K.). The ultimate War, like the penultimate one, brought a flood of slang into the Services, some of it a very vivid kind as, for instance, R.A.F. slang *He tore me off a strip* meaning "he reprimanded me severely," *I was shot down in flames* meaning "I was completely overwhelmed in the argument." Since the War, there has been an unfortunate tendency for non-Service personnel to use Service slang and it is clear that Service personnel regard such use as in very poor taste. Nevertheless, the expressions *I've had it!* (meaning, essentially, "I have *not* had it") and *That's a bad*

show, have become very frequent among all classes of speakers.

Secondly, *changing one's voice*.* In England today—just as much as in the England of many years ago—the question "Can a non-U speaker become a U-speaker?"† is one noticeably of paramount importance for many Englishmen (and for some of their wives). The answer is that an adult can never attain complete success. Moreover, it must be remembered that, in these matters, U-speakers have ears to hear, so that one single pronunciation, word, or phrase will suffice to brand an apparent U-speaker as originally non-U (for U-speakers themselves never make "mistakes"). Under these circumstances, efforts to change voice are surely better abandoned. But, in fact, they continue in full force and in all strata of society. On the whole, the effect is deleterious. Thus, to take only one example: in village schools, any natural dialect that is still left to the children will have superimposed upon it the language of the primary school-teacher (a class of people entirely non-U) so that the children leave school speaking a mixture which has nothing to recommend it. In concluding this paragraph, I may mention that there is one method of effecting change of voice, provided the speaker is young enough. This is, to send him‡ first to a preparatory school, then to a good public-school. This method is one that has been approved for more than a century and, at the moment, it is almost completely effective. It is interesting to speculate upon the state of affairs which will arise when the day comes when virtually no U-speaker will be able to afford to educate his children at these kinds of schools (this day has already dawned).

* This phrase is my own coinage (of many years ago); I know of no other expression.

† Logically, the converse question "Can a U-speaker become a non-U-speaker?" should also arise, but, in practice, it seems not to—even the staunchest of inverted snobs apparently draws the line here. At all events I have only come across one case of it (in Leeds).

‡ Today similar arrangements can be made for girls; the older approved method was, of course, a U-governess.

If we consider the wider implications of the linguistic class-indication discussed above, two points immediately arise: the linguistic class-indicators are almost all philologically trivial and, apparently, almost all of a very ephemeral nature. I am convinced that a thorough historical study of the class-indicators discussed above would reveal many present-day U-features as non-U at an earlier period and vice versa. To take an example. In his *Critical pronouncing dictionary and expositor of the English language*, published in 1791, J. Walker is clearly trying to differentiate between U and non-U usage. Yet nearly all the points mentioned by him—only one hundred and sixty years ago—are now “dead” and without class-significance, in that one of the pronunciations given is today no longer known in any kind of English save dialect. Only one of Walker’s U indicators (*in’ of huntin’, shootin’, and fishin’*) is so recognised by me and even that one I regard as belonging to an era earlier than my own. In two cases of double pronunciations, today’s U alternative is chosen by Walker as the non-U one, viz. (I quote) (1) “*Either and neither are . . . often pronounced eye-ther and nigh-ther. . . . Analogy, however, without hesitation, gives the diphthong the sound of long e and rhymes them with breather, one who breathes. This is the pronunciation Mr. Garrick always gave to these words, and which is undoubtedly the true one.*” (2) “*The proper names Derby and Berkeley, still retain the old sound, as if written Darby and Barkeley: but even these, in polite usage, are getting into the common sound, nearly as if written Durby and Burkeley.*” Walker feels strongly on various matters: “*The vulgar . . . pronounce the o obscurely, and sometimes as if followed by r, as winder, feller, for window and fellow; but this is almost too despicable for notice*”—but the pronunciation of *fellow*

fulminated against by Walker is, to me, old-fashioned U (though I make the word rhyme with *bellow* myself).

Among European languages, English is, surely, the one most suited to the study of linguistic class-distinction. I do not really know how far such a thing may exist in others. In Finnish, I have the impression that no phenomena of the sort exist. In German, there may well have been something comparable; certainly, I recall that, in good Potsdam society of the late twenties, the expression *küss’ die hand* (on introduction to a female) was definitely frowned on—but this society has vanished without trace. In present-day Russian, the distinction between the two plurals of *ofitser* “officer”—*ofitsery* and *ofitsera*—is certainly one of class. There seems to be remarkably little literature on the subject save perhaps (rather naturally) by Russians and/or as concerns Russian. The position in Russia is indeed interesting, for, in that country, it is obviously desirable to speak in a non-U manner rather than in a U one. (There is an excellent book on the subject, in Russian, by Zhirmunskii.) It is to be hoped that more studies of linguistic class-distinction in the European languages will one day be forthcoming.

However, the general concept of a certain variant of a language appertaining to a certain section of its speakers (e.g. old women, or children) is one very well-known to anthropologists and it is, no doubt, in the African jungle and among the Red Indians that we shall find the generalised form of the linguistic indicators of our English class-distinction. This is a suitable point at which to end this article, for we have now reached that awkward terrain where Linguistics marches with Anthropology—and the anthropologists have, alas, not been appreciably active here.

Isaiah Berlin

A Marvellous Decade: (II)

1838–48: *German Romanticism in Petersburg and Moscow*

ALL—or nearly all—historians of Russian thought or literature, whatever their other differences, seem agreed upon one thing: that the dominant influence upon Russian writers in the second quarter of the nineteenth century is that of German romanticism. This judgment, like most such generalisations of its type, is not quite true. Even if Pushkin is held to belong to an earlier generation, neither Lermontov nor Gogol nor Nekrasov, to take only the most notable writers of this time, can be regarded as disciples of these thinkers. Nevertheless, it is true that German metaphysics did radically alter the direction of ideas in Russia, both on the right and on the left, among nationalists, Orthodox theologians, and political radicals equally, and profoundly affected the outlook of the more wide-awake students at the universities and intellectually-inclined young men generally. These philosophical schools, and in particular the doctrines of Hegel and Schelling, are still, in their modern transformations, not without influence today. Their principal legacy to the modern world is a notorious and powerful political mythology, which both in its right- and left-wing forms has been used to justify the most obscurantist and oppressive movements of our own times. At the same time the great historical achievements of the romantic

school have become so deeply absorbed into the very texture of civilised thought in the West that it is not easy to convey how novel, and to some minds intoxicating, they once proved to be.

The works of the early German romantic thinkers—Herder, Fichte, Schelling, Friedrich Schlegel, and their followers, are not easy to read. The treatises of Schelling, for instance,—vastly admired in their day—are like a dark wood into which I do not, at least today, propose to venture—*vestigia terrent*, too many eager enquirers have entered it never to return. Yet the art and thought of this period, at any rate in Germany, and also in Eastern Europe and Russia, which were, in effect, intellectual dependencies of Germany, are not intelligible without some grasp of the fact that these metaphysicians—in particular Schelling—caused a major shift in human thought: from the mechanistic categories of the eighteenth century to explanation in terms of æsthetic or biological notions. The romantic thinkers and poets successfully undermined the central dogma of eighteenth century enlightenment, that the only reliable method of discovery or interpretation was that of the triumphant mechanical sciences. The French *philosophes* may have exaggerated the virtue, and the German romantics the absurdity, of the application of the

criteria of the natural sciences to human affairs. But, whatever else it may have done, the romantic reaction against the claims of scientific materialism did set up permanent doubts about the competence of the sciences of man—psychology, sociology, anthropology, physiology—to take over, and put an end to the scandalous chaos of, such human activities as history, or the arts, or religious, philosophical, social, and political thought. As Bayle and Voltaire had mocked the theological reactionaries of their time, so the romantics derided the dogmatic materialists of the school of Condillac and Holbach; and their favourite field of battle was that of æsthetic experience.

If you wanted to know what it was that made a work of art; if you wanted to know, for example, why particular colours and forms produced a particular piece of painting or sculpture; why particular styles of writing or collocations of words produced particularly strong or memorable effects upon particular human beings in specific states of awareness; or why certain musical sounds, when they were juxtaposed, were sometimes called shallow and at other times profound, or lyrical, or vulgar, or morally noble or degraded or characteristic of this or that national or individual trait; then no general hypothesis of the kind adopted in physics, no general description or classification or subsumption under scientific laws of the behaviour of sound, or of patches of paint, or of black marks on paper, or the utterances of human beings, would begin to suffice to answer these questions.

WHAT were the non-scientific modes of explanation which could explain life, thought, art, religion, as the sciences could not? The romantic metaphysicians returned to ways of knowing which they attributed to the Platonic tradition; spiritual insight, “intuitive” knowledge of connections incapable of scientific analysis. Schelling (whose views on the working of the artistic imagination, and in particular about the nature of genius, are, for all their obscurity, arrestingly original and imaginative) spoke in terms of a univer-

sal mystical vision. He saw the universe as a single spirit, a great, animate organism, a soul or self, evolving from one spiritual stage into another. Individual human beings were, as it were, “finite centres,” “aspects,” “moments,” of this enormous cosmic entity—the “living whole,” the world soul, the transcendental Spirit or Idea, descriptions of which almost recall the fantasies of early gnosticism. Indeed the sceptical Swiss historian, Jakob Burckhardt, remarked that when he read Schelling he began to see creatures with many arms and feet, advancing upon him. The conclusions drawn from this apocalyptic vision are less eccentric. The finite centres—the individual human beings—understand each other, their surroundings and themselves, the past and to some degree the present and the future too, but not in the same sort of way in which they communicate with one another. When, for example, I maintain that I understand another human being—that I am sympathetic to him, follow, “enter into” the workings of his mind, and that I am for this reason particularly well qualified to form a judgment of his character—of his “inner” self—I am claiming to be doing something which cannot be reduced to, on the one hand, a set of systematically classified operations and, on the other, a method of deriving further information from them which, once discovered, could be reduced to a technique, and taught to, and applied, more or less mechanically, by a receptive pupil. Understanding men or ideas or movements, or the outlooks of individuals or groups, is not reducible to a sociological classification into types of behaviour with predictions based on scientific experiment and carefully tabulated statistics of observations. There is no substitute for sympathy, understanding, insight, “wisdom.”

Similarly, Schelling taught that if you wanted to know what it was, for example, that made a work of art beautiful, or what it was that gave its own unique character to a historical period, it was necessary to employ methods different from those of experiment, classification, induction, deduction, or the other techniques of the natural sciences.

According to this doctrine, if you wished to understand what, for example, had brought about the vast spiritual upheaval of the French Revolution, or why Goethe's *Faust* was a profounder work than the tragedies of Voltaire, to apply the methods of the kind of psychology and sociology adumbrated by, say, Condillac or Condorcet, would not prove rewarding. Unless you had a capacity for imaginative insight—for understanding the "inner," the mental and emotional—the "spiritual"—life of individuals, societies, historical periods, the "inner purposes" or "essences" of institutions, nations, churches, you would for ever remain unable to explain why certain combinations form "unities," whereas others do not: why particular sounds or words or acts are relevant to, fit with, certain other elements in the "whole," while others fail to do so. And this no matter whether you are "explaining" the character of a man, the rise of a movement or a party, the process of artistic creation, the characteristics of an age, or of a school of thought, or of a mystical view of reality. Nor is this, according to the view I am discussing, an accident. For reality is not merely organic but unitary: which is a way of saying that its ingredients are not merely connected by causal relationships—they do not merely form a pattern or harmony so that each element is seen to be "necessitated" by the disposition of all other elements—but each "reflects" or "expresses" the others; for there is a single "Spirit" or "Idea" or "Absolute" of which all that exists is a unique aspect, or an articulation—and the more of an aspect, the more vividly articulated, the "deeper," the "more real" it is. A philosophy is "true" in the proportion in which it expresses the phase which the Absolute or the "Idea" has reached at each stage of development. A poet possesses genius, a statesman greatness to the degree to which they are inspired by, and express, the "spirit" of their milieu—state, culture, nation—which is itself an "incarnation" of the self-realisation of the spirit of the universe conceived pantheistically as a kind of ubiquitous divinity. And a work of art is dead or artificial, or trivial if it

is a mere accident in this development. Art, philosophy, religion are so many efforts on the part of finite creatures to catch and articulate an "echo" of the cosmic harmony. Man is finite, and his vision will always be fragmentary; the "deeper" the individual, the larger and richer the fragment. Hence the lofty contempt which such thinkers express for the "merely" empirical or "mechanical," for the world of everyday experience whose denizens remain deaf to the inner harmony in terms of which alone anything—and everything—is "truly" to be understood.

THE romantic critics in some cases supposed themselves not merely to be revealing the nature of types of knowledge or thought or feeling hitherto unrecognised or inadequately analysed, but to be building new cosmological systems, new faiths, new forms of life, and indeed to be direct instruments of the process of the spiritual redemption, or "self-realisation," of the Universe. Their metaphysical fantasies are—fortunately, I may add—all but dead today; but the incidental light which they shed on art, history, and religion transformed the outlook of the West. By paying a great deal of attention to the unconscious activity of the imagination, to the rôle of irrational factors, to the part played in the mind by symbols and myths, to awareness of unanalysable affinities and contrasts, to fundamental but impalpable connections and differences which cut across the conventional lines of rational classification, they often succeeded in giving an altogether novel account of such phenomena as poetical inspiration, religious experience, political genius, of the relationship of art to social development, or of the individual to the masses, or of moral ideals to æsthetic or biological facts. This account was more convincing than any that had been given before; at any rate than the doctrines of the eighteenth century, which had not treated such topics systematically, and largely left them to the isolated utterances of mystically inclined poets and essayists.

So, too, Hegel, despite all the philosophical obfuscation for which he was responsible, set

in motion ideas which have become so universal and familiar that we think in terms of them without being aware of their relative novelty. This is true, for example, of the idea of the history of thought as a continuous process, capable of independent study. There existed, of course, accounts—usually often mere *catalogues raisonnés*—of particular philosophical systems in the ancient world or in the Middle Ages, or monographs devoted to particular thinkers. But it was Hegel who developed the notion of a specific cluster of ideas as permeating an age or a society, of the effect of those ideas upon other ideas, of the many invisible links whereby the feelings, the sentiments, the thoughts, the religions, the laws and the general outlook—what is nowadays called ideology—of one generation, are connected with the ideology of other times or places. Unlike his predecessors Vico and Herder, Hegel tried to present this as a coherent, continuous, rationally analysable development; and, more ambitiously and unsuccessfully, to establish laws with whose aid particular cases of it could be deduced in the past as in the future—the first in the fatal line of cosmic historians which stretches through Comte and Marx to Spengler and Toynbee and all those who find spiritual comfort in the discovery of vast imaginary symmetries in the irregular stream of human history.

Although much of this programme is a fantasy, or at any rate a form of highly subjective poetry in prose, yet the notion that the many activities of the human spirit are interrelated, that the artistic or scientific thought of an age is best understood in its interplay with the social, economic, theological, legal activities pursued in the society in which artists and scientists live and work—the very notion of cultural history as a source of light—is itself a cardinal step in the history of thought. And again Schelling (following Herder) is largely responsible for the characteristically romantic notion that poets or painters may understand the spirit of their age more profoundly and express it in a more vivid and lasting manner than academic historians; this is so because artists tend to have

a greater degree of sensibility to the contours of their own age (or of other ages and cultures) than either trained antiquaries or professional journalists, inasmuch as they are irritable organisms; more responsive to, and conscious of, inchoate, half-understood factors which operate beneath the surface in a given milieu, factors which may only come to full maturity at a later period. This was the sense in which, for example, Karl Marx used to maintain that Balzac in his novels had depicted the life and character not so much of his own time, as of the men of the sixties and seventies of the nineteenth century, whose lineaments, while they were still in embryo, impinged upon sensibilities of artists long before they emerged into the full light of day. The romantic philosophers vastly exaggerated the power and reliability of this kind of intuitive or poetical insight; but their fervid vision, which remained mystical and irrationalist no matter how heavily disguised in quasi-scientific or quasi-lyrical terminology, captivated the imagination of the young Russian intellectuals of the thirties and forties, and seemed to open a door to a nobler and calmer world from the sordid reality of the Empire ruled by Czar Nicholas the First.

THE man who, more persuasively than anyone else in Russia, taught the educated young men of the 1830's to soar above empirical facts into a realm of pure light where all was harmonious and eternally true, was a student of Moscow University called Nicholas Stankevich, who, while still in his early twenties, gathered round him a circle of devoted admirers. Stankevich was an aristocratic young man of great distinction of mind and appearance, a gentle and idealistic personality, exceptional sweetness of character, a passion for metaphysics and a gift for lucid exposition. He was born in 1813, and in the course of his short life (he died at twenty-seven) exercised a remarkable moral and intellectual ascendancy over his friends. They idolised him in his lifetime, and after his death worshipped his memory. Even Turgenev, who was not addicted to uncritical admiration, painted a portrait of him in his

novel *Rudin* under the name of Pokorski in which there is not a trace of irony. Stankevich had read widely in German romantic literature, and preached a secular, metaphysical religion which for him had taken the place of the doctrines of the Orthodox Church in which neither he nor his friends any longer believed.

He taught that a proper understanding of Kant and Schelling (and later Hegel) led one to realise that beneath the apparent disorder and the cruelty, the injustice and the ugliness of daily life, it was possible to discern eternal beauty, peace, and harmony. Artists and scientists were travelling their different roads to the self-same goal (a very Schellingian idea) of communion with this inner harmony. Art (and this included philosophical and scientific truth) alone was immortal, stood up unscathed against the chaos of the empirical world, against the unintelligible and shapeless flow of political, social, economic events which would soon vanish and be forgotten. The masterpieces of art and thought were permanent memorials to the creative power of men, because they alone embodied moments of insight into some portion of the everlasting pattern which lies beyond the flux of the appearances. Stankevich believed (as many have believed, particularly after some great fiasco in the life of their society, in this case perhaps the failure of the Decembrist revolution of 1825) that in the place of social reforms, which merely affected the outer texture of life, men should seek rather to reform themselves within, and everything else would be added unto them: the kingdom of heaven—the Hegelian self-transcending Spirit—lies within. Salvation comes from individual self-regeneration, and to achieve truth, reality, happiness, men must learn from those who truly know; the philosophers, the poets, the sages. Kant, Hegel, Homer, Shakespeare, Goethe, were harmonious spirits, saints and sages who saw what the multitude would never see. Study, endless study alone could afford a glimpse into their Elysian world, the sole reality in which the broken fragments came together again into their original unity. Only those who could attain

to this beatific vision were wise and good and free. To pursue material values—social reforms or political goals of any kind, was to pursue phantoms, to court broken hopes, frustration and misery.

For anyone who was young and idealistic in Russia between 1830 and 1848, or simply human enough to be depressed by the social conditions of the country, it was comforting to be told that the appalling evils of Russian life—the ignorance and poverty of the serfs, the illiteracy and hypocrisy of the clergy, the corruption, inefficiency, brutality, arbitrariness of the governing class, the pettiness, sycophancy, and inhumanity of the merchants—the entire barbarous system, according to the sages of the West, was a mere bubble upon the surface of life. It was all ultimately unimportant, the inevitable attribute of the world of appearances which, seen from a superior vantage point, did not disturb the deeper harmony. Musical images are frequent in the metaphysics of this time. You were told that if you simply listened to the isolated notes of a given musical instrument you might find them ugly and meaningless and without purpose; but if you understood the entire work, if you listened to the orchestra as a whole, you would see that these apparently arbitrary sounds conspired with other sounds to form a harmonious whole which satisfied your craving for truth and beauty. This is a kind of translation into æsthetic terms of the scientific method of explanation of an earlier time. Spinoza—and some among the rationalists of the eighteenth century—had taught that if you could understand the pattern of the universe (some said by metaphysical intuition, others by perceiving a mathematical or mechanical order) then you would cease to kick against the pricks, for you would realise that whatever was real was necessarily what and when and where it was, part of the rational order of the harmony of the cosmos. And if you saw this you became reconciled and achieved inner peace: for you could no longer, as a rational human being, rebel in an arbitrary and capricious fashion against a logically necessary order.

The transposition of this into æsthetic terms is the dominant factor of the German romantic movement. Instead of talking about necessary connections of a scientific kind, or of logical or mathematical reasoning to be employed in the unravelling of these mysteries, you are invited to use a new kind of logic which unfolds to you the beauty of a picture, the depth of a piece of music, the truth of a literary masterpiece. If you conceive of life as the artistic creation of some cosmic divinity, and of the world as the progressive revelation of a work of art—if, in short, you are converted from a scientific to a mystical or “transcendental” view of life and history, you may well experience a sense of liberation. Previously you were the victim of unexplained chaos, which rendered you indignant and unhappy, a prisoner in a system which you vainly tried to reform and correct, with the result that you only suffered failure and defeat. But now you acquired a sense of yourself willingly and eagerly participating in the cosmic enterprise: whatever befell, necessarily fulfilled the universal, and thereby your own personal, design. You were wise, happy, and free: for you were at one with the purposes of the universe.

UNDER the conditions of literary censorship then prevalent in Russia, where it was difficult to give open expression to political and social ideas, where literature was the only vehicle in which such ideas could, however cryptically, be conveyed, a programme which invited you to ignore the repulsive (and, after the fate of the Decembrists, perilous) political scene, and concentrate upon personal—moral, literary, artistic—self-improvement, offered great comfort to people who did not wish to suffer too much. Stankevich believed in Hegel deeply and sincerely, and preached his quietist sermons with an eloquence which sprang from a pure and sensitive heart and an unswerving faith which never left him. Such doubts as he had, he stilled within himself; and remained until his early end an unworldly saint in whose presence his friends felt a sense of spiritual peace which flowed from the beauty of his

singularly unbroken personality, and the feminine delicacy and charm with which he used to bind his gentle spell upon them. This influence ceased with his death: he left a few graceful, faded poems; a handful of fragmentary essays, and a bundle of letters to his friends and to various German philosophers; among them moving avowals to the most admired of his friends, a young playwright and professor in Berlin in whom he discerned something akin to genius, a disciple of Hegel whose very name is now justly forgotten. From this scanty material it is scarcely possible to reconstruct the personality of this leader of the Russian *Aufklärung*.

His most gifted and impressionable disciple was a man of very different cast, Michael Bakunin, at this time an amateur philosopher, and already notorious for his turbulent and despotic character. Bakunin had, by the late 1830's, resigned his commission in the army and was living in Moscow largely by his wits. Endowed with an exceptional capacity for absorbing other people's doctrines, he expounded them with fervour and enthusiasm as though they were his own, and in the course of this changed them somewhat, making them, as a rule, simpler, clearer, cruder, and at times more convincing. Bakunin had a considerable element of cynicism in his character, and cared little what the exact effect of his sermons might be on his friends—provided only that it was powerful enough; he did not ask whether they excited or demoralised them, or ruined their lives, or bored them, or turned them into fanatical zealots for some wildly utopian scheme. Bakunin was a born agitator with sufficient scepticism in his system not to be taken in himself by his own torrential eloquence. To dominate individuals and sway assemblies was his *métier*: he belonged to that odd, fortunately not very numerous, class of persons who contrive to hypnotise others into throwing themselves into causes—if need be killing and dying for them—while themselves remaining coldly, clearly, and ironically aware of the effect of the spells which they cast. When his bluff was called, as occa-

sionally it was, for example, by Herzen, Bakunin would laugh with the greatest good nature, admit everything freely, and continue to cause havoc if anything with greater unconcern than before. His path was strewn with victims, casualties, and faithful, idealistic converts; he himself remained a gay, easy-going, mendacious, irresistibly agreeable, calmly and coldly destructive, fascinating, generous, undisciplined, eccentric Russian landowner to the end.

He played with ideas with adroitness and boyish delight. They came from many sources: from Saint Simon, from Holbach, from Hegel, from Proudhon, from Feuerbach, from the young Hegelians, from Weitling. He would imbibe these doctrines during periods of short but intensive application, and then he would expound them with a degree of fervour and personal magnetism which was, perhaps, unique even in that century of great popular tribunes. During the decade which Annenkov describes, he was a fanatically orthodox Hegelian, and preached the paradoxical principles of the new metaphysics to his friends night after night with lucidity and stubborn passion. He proclaimed the existence of iron and inexorable laws of history, and indeed of everything else. Hegel—and Stankevich—were right. It was idle to rebel against them, or to protest against the cruelties and injustices which they seemed to entail; to do so was simply a sign of immaturity, of not understanding the necessity and beauty of the rationally organised cosmos—to fail to grasp the divine goal in which the sufferings and disharmonies of individual lives must, if you understood them properly, inevitably culminate and be resolved.

HEGEL taught that the Spirit evolved not continuously, but by a “dialectical” struggle of “opposites” which (somewhat, it seems, like a Diesel engine) moved by a series of sharp explosions. This notion suited Bakunin’s temperament well, since, as he himself was fond of saying, he detested nothing more than peace, order, bourgeois contentment. Mere bohemianism, disorganised rebellion had been discredited too often. Hegelianism

presented its tragic and violent view of life beneath the guise of an eternal rational system, an objective “science,” with all the logical paraphernalia of reasoned judgment. First to justify the need to submit to a brutal government and a stupid bureaucracy in the name of eternal Reason; then to justify rebellion with the self-same arguments, was a paradoxical task that delighted Bakunin. In Moscow he enjoyed his power of turning peaceful students into dervishes, ecstatic seekers after some æsthetic or metaphysical goal. In later life he applied these talents on a wider scale, and stirred some exceedingly unpromising human material—Swiss watchmakers and German peasants into unbelievable frenzies of enthusiasm, which no one had ever induced in them before or after. During the period of which I am speaking, he concentrated these sinister talents upon the relatively humble task of expounding Hegel’s *Encyclopædia*, paragraph by paragraph, to his admiring friends. Among these friends was another intimate of Stankevich, Nicholas Granovsky, a gentle and high-minded historian who had studied in Germany and there became a moderate Hegelian, and came back to lecture on Western medieval history in Moscow. Granovsky succeeded in making his apparently remote subject into a means of inducing in his audiences respect for the Western tradition. He dwelt in particular on the civilising effect of the Roman Church, of Roman law, and the institutions of feudalism, developing his theses in the face of the growing chauvinism—with its emphasis on the Byzantine roots of Russian culture—which was at this time encouraged by the Russian Government as an antidote to the dangerous ideas of the West. Granovsky combined erudition with a very balanced intellect and was not carried away by extravagant theories. Nevertheless he was Hegelian enough to believe that the universe must have a pattern and a goal; that this goal was slowly being approached, that humanity was marching towards freedom, although the path was by no means smooth or straight: obstacles occurred—relapses were frequent and difficult to avert. Unless a sufficient

number of human beings with personal courage, strength, and a sense of dedication emerged, humanity tended to subside into long nights of reaction, swamps from which it extricated itself at terrible cost. Nevertheless, slowly and painfully, but inexorably, humanity was moving towards an ideal state of happiness, justice, truth, and beauty. Granovsky's lectures in Moscow University in the early forties on the apparently recondite subject of the late Merovingian and early Carolingian kings attracted a very large and distinguished audience. These lectures were treated both by "the Westerners" and the nationalist Slavophil opponents as a quasi-political demonstration of pro-Western, liberal, and rationalist sentiment; above all of faith in the transforming power of enlightened ideas, against mystical nationalism and ecclesiasticism.

I quote the example of Granovsky's famous lectures—passionately acclaimed by his friends, and attacked by the conservatives—as an illustration of the peculiar disguises which in Russia (as to a lesser extent in Germany) social and political liberalism had to adopt if it was to find voice at all. The censorship was at once a heavy fetter and a goad—it brought into being a peculiar brand of crypto-revolutionary writing, made more tortuous and more intense by repression, which in the end, turned the whole of Russian literature into "one vast bill of indictment against Russian life."

The censor was the official enemy, but unlike his modern successor, he was almost wholly negative. The Czarist censorship imposed silence but it did not directly tell professors what to teach; it did not dictate to authors what to say and how to say it; and it did not command composers to induce this or that mood in their audiences. It was merely designed to prevent the expression of a certain number of selected "dangerous ideas." It was an obstacle, at times a maddening one. But because it was, like so much in old Russia, inefficient, corrupt, indolent, often stupid, or deliberately lenient—and because so many loopholes could always be found by the ingenious and the desperate, not much

that was subversive was stopped effectively. The Russian writers who belonged to the radical intelligentsia did, after all, publish their works, and published them, by and large, in an almost undistorted form. The main effect of repression was to drive social and political ideas into the relatively safe realm of literature. This had already occurred in Germany, and it did so on a much larger scale in Russia.

YET it would be a mistake to exaggerate the rôle of the government repression in compelling literature to become political in character. The romantic movement was itself an equally potent factor in creating "impure" literature, in filling it with ideological content. Turgenev himself, the "purest" of all the men of letters of his time, and often taken to task for this sin by censorious preachers like Dostoevsky or the "materialist" critics of the sixties, did, after all, at one time, contemplate an academic career—as a professor of philosophy. He was dissuaded from this; but his early Hegelian infatuation proved a lasting influence on his whole view of life. Hegel's teaching drove some to revolution, others to reaction; in either case it emancipated its adherents from the oversimplified classifications of men by the eighteenth century pamphleteers into the virtuous and the vicious, the benighted or the enlightened, of events into good and bad, and from the view of both men and things as intelligible and predictable in terms of clear, mechanically conceived, causal chains. For Turgenev, on the contrary, everything is compounded of characteristics in a perpetual process of transformation, infinitely complex, morally and politically ambivalent, blending into constantly changing combinations, explicable only in terms of flexible and often impressionistic psychological and historical concepts, which allow for the elaborate interplay of factors that are too many and too fleeting to be reduced to scientific schemata or laws. Turgenev's liberalism and moderation, for which he was so much criticised, took the form of holding everything in solution—of remaining outside the situation in a state of

watchful and ironical detachment, uncommitted, evenly balanced—an agnostic oscillating contentedly between atheism and faith, belief in progress and scepticism, an observer in a state of cool, emotionally controlled doubt before a spectacle of life where nothing is quite what it seems, where every quality is infected by its opposite, where paths are never straight, never cross in geometrically regular patterns. For him (this is his version of the Hegelian dialectic) reality for ever escapes all artificial ideological nets, all rigid, dogmatic assumptions, defies all attempts at codification, upsets all symmetrical moral or sociological systems, and yields itself only to cautious, emotionally neutral, scrupulously empirical attempts to describe it bit by bit, as it presents itself to the curious eye of the morally disinterested observer. Herzen, too, rejects cut and dried systems and programmes: neither he nor Turgenev accepted the positive Hegelian doctrines, the vast cosmological fantasy—the historical theodicy which unhinged so many of their contemporaries. Both were profoundly affected by its negative aspect—the undermining of the uncritical faith in the new social sciences which

animated the optimistic thinkers of the previous century.

These were some of the more prominent and celebrated among the *avant-garde* young Russians of the late thirties and forties—and there were many members of this group whom there is not time to mention—Katkov who began as a philosopher and a radical and later became a famous and influential reactionary journalist; the philosopher Redkin, the essayist Korsch, and the translator Ketscher; the actor Shchepkin; wealthy young dilettanti like Botkin, Panaev, Sazonov, Ogaryov, Galakhov, the great poet Nekrasov, and many lesser figures whose lives are of interest only to literary or social historians. But over all these towers the figure of the critic Vissarion Belinsky. His defects both of education and taste were notorious; his appearance was unimpressive, his prose style left much to be desired. But he became the moral and literary dictator of his generation. Those who came under his influence remained affected by it long after his death; and whether for good or ill it transformed Russian writing—in particular criticism—radically, and, it would seem, for ever.

Anatomy Lesson

The owner of the body had by his will bequeathed
Sole rights to the medical school, that the knife of pain
Which killed him might be for others sheathed
By virtue of his useless flesh; now students drain
His arteries, limp as their red tubes run dry,
And pump to dredge the clogged anatomy.

Then swiftly with knife and scalpel they dissect
The polluted tissues, chart the blue-print veins,
Preserve each fibre, all to see how the wrecked
Nerve-wires' natural order vibrates to the brain's
Controlling master-plan. Now that feeling is gone
The mutilated limbs can at least point a lesson.

I gave my country's body to the statesmen
To ruin how they will, watched them scrawl warning-signs,
Plant camps and aerodromes across each fen,
Tattooing the wasted landscape with designs
For some happy future state, as if to re-start
The pulse and will with neither brain nor heart.

Christopher Levenson

W. H. AUDEN: *Homage to Clio*

OUR hill has made its submission and the green
Swept on into the north: around me,
From morning to night, flowers duel incessantly,
Colour against colour, in combats

Which they all win, and at any hour from some point else
May come another tribal outcry
Of a new generation of birds who chirp
Not for effect but because chirping

Is the thing to do. More lives than I perceive
Are aware of mine this May morning
As I sit reading a book, sharper senses
Keep watch on an inedible patch

Of unsatisfactory smell, unsafe as
So many areas are: to observation
My book is dead and by observations they live,
In space, as unaware of silence

As provocative Aphrodite or her twin,
Virago Artemis, the Tall Sisters
Whose subjects they are. That is why, in their Dual Realm,
Banalities can be beautiful,

Why nothing is too big or too small or the wrong
Colour, and the roar of an earthquake
Rearranging the whispers of streams a loud sound
Not a din: but we, at haphazard

And unseasonably, are brought face to face
By ones, Clio, with your silence. After that
Nothing is easy. We may dream as we wish
Of phallic pillar or navel stone

With twelve nymphs twirling about it, but pictures
Are no help: your silence already is there
Between us and any magical centre
Where things are taken in hand. Besides,

Are we so sorry? Woken at sun-up to hear
A cock pronouncing himself himself
Though all his sons had been castrated and eaten,
I was glad I could be unhappy: if

I don't know how I shall manage, at least I know
The beast with two backs may be a species
Evenly distributed but mum and dad
Were not two other people. To visit

The grave of a friend, to make an ugly scene,
To count the loves one has grown out of
Is not nice, but to chirp like a tearless bird
As though no one dies in particular

And gossip were never true, unthinkable:
If it were, forgiveness would be no use,
One eye for one would be just and the innocent
Would not have to suffer. Artemis,

Aphrodite, are Major Powers and all wise
Castellans will mind their p's and q's,
But it is you, who never have spoken up,
Madonna of silences, to whom we turn

When we have lost control, your eyes, Clio, into which
We look for recognition after
We have been found out. How shall I describe you? They
Can be represented in granite

(One guesses at once from the perfect buttocks,
The flawless mouth too grand to have corners,
Whom the colossus must be), but what icon
Have the arts for you, who look like any

Girl one has not noticed and show no special
Affinity with a beast? I have seen
Your photo, I think, in the papers, nursing
A baby or mourning a corpse: each time

You had nothing to say and did not, one could see,
Observe where you were, Muse of the unique
Historical fact, defending with silence
Each world of your beholding, a silence

No explosion can conquer but a lover's yes
Has been known to fill. So few of the Big
Ever listen: that is why you have a great host
Of superfluous screams to care for and

Why, up and down like the Duke of Cumberland
Or round and round like the Laxey Wheel,
The Short, the Bald, the Pious, the Stammerer went
As the children of Artemis go

Not yours. Lives that obey you move like music,
Becoming now what they only can be once,
Making of silence decisive sound: it sounds
Easy, but one must find the time. Clio,

Muse of Time, but for whose merciful silence
Only the first step would count and that
Would always be murder, whose kindness never
Is taken in, forgive our noises

And teach us our recollections: to throw away
The tiniest fault of someone we love
Is out of the question, says Aphrodite
Who should know, yet one has known people

Who have done just that. Approachable as you seem
I dare not ask you if you bless the poets,
For you do not look as if you ever read them
Nor can I see a reason why you should.

Ardon Lyon

Peace—And—Friend—Ship

A Report on the Warsaw Youth Festival

A VERY strange crowd indeed had collected on Victoria Station. Men in corduroy or cotton slacks, highly-coloured shirts, some with beards or berets, and armed with rucksacks, musical instruments, or pipes, chatted with girls in jeans and weatherproof jerkins. Many were coloured, but all were speaking English; nearly everyone wore badges and brightly-coloured scarves with white doves on, for these were the first seven hundred of the British delegation to the Fifth International Festival of Youth and Students, which was to be held in Warsaw. David and I wandered self-consciously up to the crowd, and after I suggested that his navy double-breasted blazer and Caius College tie looked rather conspicuous, he changed into a rather ragged rust-coloured windcheater. Then we were on the train and at last away, staring at each other across a table, incredulous at our being there at all. We were surrounded by a group of over-jolly people, singing about fighting for peace and freedom, and what they were going to do to "the boss" when the revolution came, to the accompaniment of violin and accordion.

David and I were oscillating rapidly between periods of acute melancholia and weak hysteria, but mainly wondering why

on earth we had come. And then David saw a scowling youth, conspicuous enough by the fact that he was wearing a sports jacket, but more so because he was reading a copy of *The Times*. I wandered uneasily towards the lavatory, and stood looking out of the window. A few minutes later the *Times* reader joined me, and we started, suspiciously, on a conversation designed slowly and painfully to find out each others political leanings. After several minutes of "Third Man"-like atmosphere it came out that he too was at Cambridge, and a member of the Labour Club.

I met our fourth Cantabrigian washing out his nylon shirt in the lavatory of the cross-channel steamer. He explained that he had spilt beer on it trying to drink whilst lying down. By the time we reached Warsaw there were six of us, and we later learned that there were four others in another "resistance group." This is not to say that all the rest were Communists, not by any means; indeed, the British organisers were quick to point out to us that the festival was open to anyone below the age of thirty. But the majority of those who were not members of sporting or cultural groups, such as the Theatre Workshop and the Southwark Players, were groups from Young Communist League branches or

left-wing trade unions. Our final farewell as representatives of the youth and workers of Great Britain came from a porter at Dover, who merely spat, and growled at us, "F — — ing Reds!"

We travelled on the wooden-seated Belgian train through Belgium and Germany to the Czechoslovakian border, quite unable to sleep owing to discomfort and political arguments. We rapidly became friends with the other Communists in our compartment, and I suddenly realised that I had not even spoken to a Communist before in my whole life; what an omission. I divided them into three rough categories: youngsters whose parents were Communists or who just joined the Y.C.L. for something to do for a little excitement (in this latter respect they were usually doomed to disappointment); people who were disappointed with life because they had failed to do well in their job through laziness or incapacity; and people who believed in Communism as an ideal to be worked for against all opposition, and such that, if it were to exist throughout the whole world in the future, the entire economic, class, and racial problems of the world would be solved. These stated that there were no Communist states at all in the world now, but that there are Socialist states (such as the Soviet Union) working towards Communism.

WITH mounting trepidation we approached the "Iron Curtain." As we got nearer the Czechoslovakian barrier of barbed wire, with its frequent watchtowers manned by soldiers with machine guns and binoculars, surely even the most ardent Communist must have felt uneasy about the difference between the two sides of the "curtain." But no—"They have to be very vigilant because of Western spies and saboteurs," we were told—and of course some disgruntled racketeer or old ex-landed gentry did sometimes try to cross over to the West! Even so, it was with a marked caution that we left the train, and gingerly approached the soldiers, the frontier police, and their band, when the train stopped at the frontier post. Soon, however, we were fraternising,

and exchanging cigarettes. The band struck up "Freedom's Song," which had been specially written for the fifth festival, and the entire train, except for those of us who had not been pre-taught, started to sing. It would indeed have had a heartening sound, if we had been able to believe in the sincerity of its message.

At the frontier town of Cheb we were greeted by another band, and the townsfolk turned out in full. A group of little children, in traditional costume, came smiling forward to give us flowers. These we took, with our baggage, into the nearby Czechoslovakian train. This was the height of luxury after our wooden-seated Belgian train, and contained food parcels, beer, lemonade, and a postcard to send home, as well as pamphlets about the festival, and about Czechoslovakia and how well off she is now that the people govern themselves. I turned and looked out of the window; what did these people milling around on the platform really think about life, about their government, and about us? Shirley was standing on the platform holding hands with a Czechoslovakian boy, and Jock was leaning out of the window, teeth bared and eyes ablaze with inspiration. "Hurrah for the blood-red Socialist flag!" he shouted. "D' ye see the people? D' ye see 'em? Do they look oppressed and starved? My goodness me!" And he offered his beer to someone on the platform.

How we wanted to join in with this enthusiasm! But we were told by a railway worker at the first Polish town where we stopped that the people had been cleared off the platform by the police that morning, and organised groups brought in from factories, and paid 50 zloties to cheer us. "It's impossible, mon!" said Jock; and this was always to be our trouble, anything against the régime was a lie, and anything for it the truth. But it was hard enough for us to know what to believe; certainly we were always greeted wonderfully by the Poles. But did they know that we were nearly all Communists and in no way representative of the British people?

At each station we were enthusiastically

greeted, but we could not help but be depressed by the general air of poverty, the people's clothes, the absence of machinery such as cars and tractors, the state of disrepair of the roads and railways, but most of all by the lack of new building, especially in Poland where there had been so much damage. Breslau still appeared to be a heap of rubble, and the comparison with Munich, another German town which had been greatly destroyed in the war, and which I was to visit later, was just fantastic. Huge fields of corn were being cut in many places with scythes; what was happening to all the tractors which Poland is now so proud of producing? In Czechoslovakia, an industrialised country before the war, the houses were not so much damaged as crumbling to pieces; everything was drab and appeared to be in need of paint.

THE reception at Warsaw was tremendous; members of the Polish Youth Movement embraced us with smiles and tears of enthusiasm, they carried our luggage, and through various common languages arranged to meet us on the next day. The noise was deafening and the friendship overpowering. A speech of welcome was made, in Polish and English, by a group of people on a platform backed by a huge white dove—on the edge of the platform a soldier was standing with a Sten gun! The inevitable rendering of "Freedom's Song" followed; two Poles with me were very amused to see that I did not know the words, which had obviously been drummed into them; I later found that they were violently anti-régime. A week later I was to meet a Norwegian sculptor, at a carnival and dance on the banks of the Vistula, who declared that he did not believe there were *any* Communists in Poland! But he was rather drunk. . . .

We were installed in three very comfortable hostels, and treated to magnificent meals; lunch and supper always consisted of four courses, and we could not eat the amount we were given. Meanwhile in the shops, meat was scarce and expensive, and luxury goods generally more or less non-existent. On our

first walk round the city we were struck by the appalling damage (every single building that had not been built after the war was partially ruined, or at least was chipped with bullet marks), and by the poor quality and price of the goods in the shops. Several little stalls had been erected for the festival, and everywhere were paper or cloth flags of all the nations, but still one could not help but feel depressed. There is only one big store in Warsaw, which was generally known as "the shop," elsewhere state shops of varying sizes line the streets, topped by flats. Huge square buildings of uniform and unimaginative design, mostly faced in grey plaster, stared sullenly at each other across broad streets. The latter would have been wonderful if only they had been full of cars, but of course Poland cannot afford these. The layout and space in the centre of the city is much to be admired, especially the parks, and in twenty years time Warsaw may have reason to reclaim her title of the "Paris of the East." Unfortunately, in the centre of the city, in the Stalin Square, is the Palace of Culture and Science, the gift of the Soviet Peoples to Warsaw. This is an outstanding monument to Bad Taste; it is at least six times as tall as any other building in Warsaw except for the radio and telegraph office, and the nearer you get to it the worse it appears, to our Western eyes at least. Huge pillars are dotted around this skyscraper, comparable only to a temple of the ancients; instead of statues to the gods we have overpowering figures of workers, about thirty feet tall, clutching a hammer or a copy of the works of Marx or Lenin. In contrast to this "realism," chunks of semi-oriental bric-à-brac are scattered around the roofs at various heights.

Inside are exhibition halls, theatres, cinemas, and conference halls lavishly decorated in marble and polished wood. The lift will raise you up thirty-odd floors in an amazingly short space of time, from where a magnificent view of Warsaw can be obtained, although photographs were not allowed to be taken. Many parts of the town have been restored to how they were before the war or even earlier; an outstanding example is the

old market square and surrounding streets, which have been completely rebuilt in renaissance and baroque styles. Many churches have been rebuilt with the aid of state funds, and these were full to overflowing on Sundays, people even praying in the streets, besides having a few people in at any time one might care to visit them. Old monarchist monuments have been restored, for example the statue of Zygmunt III has been placed on a new column after the old one was destroyed by the Nazis; in Cracow I was shown ancient treasures in the cathedral and the castle, and at the Wilanow Palace, built by King Jan Sobieski, I saw women repairing the wall tapestries, and men reconstructing part of the exterior which had been destroyed by the Germans. This seems to compare very favourably with our frequent appeals for funds to save our churches. Of course going to church was officially frowned upon, but the Catholicism of the people had been too strong to be destroyed. Anti-religious teaching occurs in the schools, and the Youth Movement has meetings and camps on Sundays; but we ought not to be too harsh on these tactics, for they result from another kind of belief; it could be brought against us that we have pro-religious teaching in our schools. It was interesting to note that most English Communists could see no conflict between Christianity and Communism; religion was a person's private concern—like race. This racial tolerance has a great effect on underprivileged minorities from certain countries. And it was indeed a wonderful sight in Warsaw to see the people of nearly every country in the world mixing as though they were pupils in one big school, with no thought for creed or colour. The sincerity and affection of these people compared with the plans and plottings of their leaders was distressing to see. "No more Hiroshimas," "Ban the Atomic Bomb," "Peace and Friendship," words, words, words, as though the Western World was responsible for all the troubles in the world, and the Communist leaders were nice, kind old uncles. How could anyone believe all the clap-trap about freedom of speech, thought, and religion

under Communism? I actually got one Polish Communist to admit, after about four hours' discussion, that it was clap-trap. He was a highly intelligent and also a very likeable man. He finally agreed that the elections were not elections at all (which no British Communist would admit); they were living in a Dictatorship of the Proletariat. But this was all for the best, in the West the people were duped by capitalist propaganda. The British Communists, on the other hand, would say there were no anti-régime members of parliament in Poland because only a very small minority in Poland opposed the government. Similarly there had been no strikes in Poland (officially) lasting more than one day, since the end of the war, because the people owned the industries, and who would be so stupid as to strike against himself?

ON OUR second day in Warsaw we attended the opening ceremony. We marched through the streets of Warsaw carrying flags of our countries, and of peace. The delegations from the "People's Democracies" marched through, steadfast and in step, wonderfully dressed by their governments. The British delegation shambled through like a herd of rabble, but what a reception we got from the people lining the street! They had not seen Westerners for ten years, every building was crammed with people, waving, cheering, and shouting. By the sides of the streets people laughed and smiled, and stepped forward to touch us as we passed.

The entire parade halted in Stalin Square, and only then did we really see the other delegations. Beautiful Rumanians, athletic Koreans, singing, dancing Africans, blonde Scandinavians; all were there, including about twenty Americans who had braved their country's ban on the festival. Then in marched the Chinese, about twenty deep, carrying their red banners, and on the shoulders of eight men a huge wreath of red flowers. One expected to see a Cæsar lying on his throne at the head of it, the power, the might, the strength, and the pride of these

peoples could only be compared with the ancient Romans. They believed in their country, and would die for it willingly, and they were very strong and very beautiful, but at the same time, very, very frightening.

It seemed to me that as the Russians marched in they were hardly cheered at all. Immediately they halted, there was chaos; they broke ranks and rushed amongst everyone, shaking hands, hugging, laughing, talking, singing, and giving away flowers and badges. It was at least an hour before they had been reorganised, and the procession started to move off again. But we never saw them again as individuals to talk to; there was dancing in the streets every evening, but there were never any Russians or Chinese; we were only to see them at an official delegation meeting.

We marched in the hot sunshine into the central stadium. The roar of a hundred thousand voices confused our thoughts. Did "Peace" have to be so militaristic? The release of hundreds of white doves could not take away the sight of the flags, the marching, and the uniforms, or the sound of rhythmic clapping and shouting of "Peace—And—Friend—Ship" (in different languages), which grew faster and faster until it burst into a frenzied roar.

MANY visits to factories, inter-delegation meetings, discussions, and lectures were arranged for the daytime, if we wished to take part. I managed to get a place on the literature seminar. About one hundred and fifty people attended, and the speakers were translated into five other languages simultaneously through earphones. The work of several writers who had anniversaries this year, including Cervantes, Schiller, Mickiewicz, and Whitman, was being discussed, and it was being shown how they were all democrats in the true sense of the word, that is, fighters for the rights of the people. But surely it was unnecessary in a literature seminar to suggest that America's policy over Formosa was like Don Quixote tilting at windmills, whilst the real working-class man (Sancho Panza) only wanted peace? It was

interesting, however, to hear from the first speaker, a Polish professor, that the decline of the novel, discussed in *The Observer* lately, was owing to the refusal of Western writers to write about real people; their heroes were like slices of a crystal placed one above the other, a mere series of events, not the real men as portrayed by socialist realism. This was difficult to reconcile with his admiration for Hemingway; in fact he admired his art, but deplored its application.

At least the professor had been able to see Western newspapers, and this advantage he shared with journalists. But the majority of those who understand foreign languages see only the Communist daily papers of the Western countries, and their Western novels are confined to Dickens and Thackeray, and amongst the moderns, Cronin, Huxley, Jack London, and Left-wing writers such as Howard Fast. Russian novels abounded, but Dostoevsky was conspicuous by his absence. The shopkeepers said they did not know why this was, the English said there was obviously no demand for him, a sensible Pole merely said that he was "too pessimistic." The price of most books was about the same as in England, but text books were cheaper, and I bought a well-printed, cloth-bound copy of Stalin's *Problems of Leninism*, eight hundred pages long, for less than a shilling.

I was told by a Polish student of economics that Keynes was read in his college, so at least they can get an idea what our false doctrines are about! After many appeals, they started receiving *The Economist* as well as the *Daily Worker* last January, but in April a certain sentence in it was underlined by a student, and now only those with permission from the head of their faculty may read it. A few days after this I went with a friend into Warsaw University. Here we started talking to a lecturer on Labour Law (which sounds more sinister than it really is), who kindly showed us around their history library. We were pleased to see the Oxford University Press series on the history of England in the main library; and, in a rather out-of-the-way room, copies of Churchill's war Memoirs, and Eisenhower's *Crusade in*

Europe—in French. We thought it impolite to ask whether many students read these books.

IT WAS very difficult to get a really balanced picture of the standard of living, because many people were unwilling to talk freely to begin with, especially if we were in a large group. A bus-driver whose brother is in England was talking to a group of English people, when he said, "Well, I must go now, people are looking at me and they might start thinking something." Also people told me different stories as they got to know me better, although one policeman, from whom I had asked the way, immediately demanded to know when the Americans and British were going to come and liberate them. However, if there was a war, and the Germans were on our side, I think that most Poles would fight against the Germans, whom they hate even more than the Russians. Ten years is not enough to eradicate the memory of thousands of Poles brutally murdered for no other reason than their race.

What wonderful people these Poles are! Five or six of us were out for a walk in the country near Warsaw one day, when we stopped for a drink at about tea time. On learning that we were English, a small, dirty little old man flung his arms around my neck and kissed me. "First World War in bloody old Glasgow," he grinned at us, "It's a long way to Tipperary, London, Lon-don," and he insisted that we shared a large bottle of vodka with him. I hate to think how much it must have cost him; earlier that day we had met a farmer who proudly showed us a treasured scrap of paper showing that he had done some work for the Americans in Belgium, and who declared that he had been better off materially under the Nazis; also a man in charge of some workers on a collective farm, who said that no one would work any more, and that a pair of shoes cost him a full month's wages. But we ought to remember the fact that rent is very low in-

deed, and that education and health services are free, a wonderful achievement compared with pre-war conditions. Some farms which had been collectivised, notably in Silesia, have been split up again owing to the fact that the peasants refused to cooperate—"They hang on to the land with their teeth," I was told by one Pole.

A DAY or two before we returned, I was walking with two English friends along one of the main streets of Warsaw, discussing how very much like Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty Four* present-day Poland is, only of course not taken to such extremes. (Poor Orwell; we tried so hard to convince some English Communists that he was not an anti-socialist writer!) The huge party buildings, the depressing lack of creative art, the falsification of history (Beria a British spy, and Admiral Doenitz put in power by the capitalists to carry on the last war against Russia), and the secret police. (A Scotsman had laughed disbelievingly and said that it was like a magazine story, when a Pole had told him that he did not want to talk to him in public because a bystander might be a member of the U.B.; I was so ashamed and angry that I could hardly control myself, but I could do nothing constructive about it.)

And then I saw, sitting on a balcony overlooking the street, and with a flag waving on either side of him, a golden brown spaniel. His head was cocked on one side and he looked so wise and quizzical, as though he was just about to say in a deep and fatherly voice, "My friends. . . ." After I had merely pointed him out we all looked at each other and burst out laughing, and then we were silent and serious again, for we had all thought exactly the same thing. Despite the slowly improving material conditions, the humanism of the Poles, their great nationalism and their present disbelief in much of their own propaganda, would they be able to gradually tone down the policy of their present government? Or were we in a potential Animal Farm?

Hugh Gaitskell

The Future of Prosperity

TWENTY years ago when I was a university lecturer, we economists were very much absorbed with the problem of unemployment. It was the great economic issue of the time. In Britain from 1920 to 1939 the percentage of those out of work to the working population was never less than 9%, rose in one year to over 22%, and averaged for the whole period over 13%. This 13% meant about 1½ million men and women. Even the most remote and theoretical among us—even if he had not been provoked into thinking and arguing on the subject by Keynes's brilliant work—could hardly have ignored the problem. For unemployment on this scale was a canker in society, destroying the souls and bodies of those who endured it, worrying millions of others who feared the same fate, wrecking men's happiness and twisting their minds—the seed of fascism, the trail that led to war.

It is all very different today. For fifteen years now we have enjoyed full employment. For almost the whole of this time the unemployment percentage has been only 1-2%, well under Lord Beveridge's target of 3%, and a very long way below the Government Actuary's gloomy assumption of 8½%. Although in those pre-war days most economists certainly thought they could have handled unemployment far better than the Government then in power, I doubt if they would have backed themselves to keep the figures down to such a low level for such a long time.

So it seems that the brave new world has become a reality. A whole generation is growing up which has never known economic insecurity, never had personal experience of the

dole queue. No wonder that more and more people feel that the old fears of slump and stagnation can be set aside for ever.

But has the full employment of these last ten peacetime years really come to stay? Or is it temporary and fortuitous? Is economic depression conquered? Or have we just been lucky? These are momentous questions. But before I attempt to answer them, there are others to be added. For this article is about prosperity, and prosperity is not just full employment.

IF YOU can't have prosperity without full employment, you certainly can have full employment without prosperity. Consider, for example, our own experience in Britain since 1945. For almost the whole period we had full employment, but we were not equally "prosperous" all the time. There was the "austerity phase." There was more than one "crisis." And would not most people think of "prosperity" as a fairly recent development?

At this stage I should make it clear that I mean by prosperity "a fairly rapidly rising *average* standard of living." This definition begs a lot of questions and it completely omits all reference to the question of whose prosperity is involved. Because in this article I must deal in an *average* standard of living, I hope it will not be thought that I regard the question of the distribution of the prosperity as secondary. As a Socialist, I look on it as of major importance.

Accepting my definition, however, prosperity is based on two things. It depends first on how much is being produced, which in turn depends partly on the employment

situation, i.e. the proportion of the population at work, and partly on the output per person working, i.e. productivity; and secondly it depends on how much of the output thus produced can be used for increasing living standards or has to be absorbed in other ways.

Thus in the immediate post-war years we had both full employment and rapidly rising productivity, but we could not take much of the benefit of this for ourselves. A large part of the rise in production had to take the form of additional exports so as to pay for imports we had obtained free or on credit during the war. And the extent to which we had to do this was greatly increased for two reasons. Our net income from foreign investment was enough to pay for only about 3% of our imports, compared with over 20% before the war; and the terms on which we were trading with the rest of the world became increasingly less favourable, i.e. the prices of our imports rose in relation to those of our exports, so that we had to sell more exports to pay for the same amount of imports.

Just when we had—by dint of austerity, plus full employment and rising productivity—more or less overcome these handicaps, the Korean War by driving up raw material prices turned the terms of trade even more sharply against us for nearly two years. And on top of this we were forced to start on a big defence programme. Once again we had to wait for prosperity.

For the next three years rearmament continued to claim part of such increase in output as there was. But fortunately our imports became cheaper so that we could meet the bill for them without any further expansion of exports. And finally, industrial production, which rose more slowly in 1951 and actually fell in 1952, had by 1954 and 1955 recovered and was advancing at the same kind of pace as five years earlier.

I am not suggesting that in a thumb-nail sketch of our post-war economic history one can find all the determinants of prosperity. Nevertheless, those who are not too concerned with academic niceties and just want to know the chief things which settle our future standard of living will not be far

wrong if they concentrate their attention on four key points—employment, the terms of trade, productivity, and the defence burden.

How much we are going to have to spend on defence in future is anybody's guess. Just at the moment we are basking in Geneva sunshine, and most of us expect that at least there will be no increase in the absolute burden.

As for the terms of trade, we are almost as much in the dark. Perhaps in the immediate future import prices may go up slightly more than export prices because of the effect of the American boom on the prices of commodities, especially materials. But in the absence of further international trouble I do not myself believe that we need expect a drag from this source in the next ten years in any way comparable with what we had to endure between 1945 and 1951.

Rising productivity? It won't be the fault of the scientists and engineers if we don't get it. They will see that the technical conditions are fulfilled. Indeed what with atomic energy and automation we appear to be in for further sensational advances here. But will the scientific discoveries be applied fast enough to industry? Shall we display the initiative and the know-how? Will the firms be of the right size and structure? Will the managements have the necessary calibre? Will there be sufficient cooperation in industry?

These and a whole host of other similar questions depend upon the behaviour of governments, employers, and workers. They cannot possibly be answered in general terms—if indeed they can be answered with assurance at all. I shall therefore leave them, permitting myself two observations. First that although there are limits, I believe governments could do a good deal in this field; secondly that success will depend enormously on whether we are ready as a community to invest enough in future, as opposed to immediate, prosperity—an issue which is inextricably tied up with general economic policy.

So we come to full employment. Before looking at the prospect I want to mention

some of its implications. There is first of all a distinction to be made between ourselves and other countries. In Britain we have enjoyed since 1945 a quite exceptionally low level of unemployment. 1-2% is a much lower figure than has been normal in, for instance, the U.S. or Germany, or indeed most other European countries, with the exception of Scandinavia. It has undoubtedly some big advantages. The very low level of unemployment has immensely improved the status and power of labour. It has transformed the lives of millions of people in this country, and given them a new dignity and contentment which never existed before. It has greatly changed—in my view for the better—the character of relations in industry between worker and employer, even if the implications of this in terms of social responsibility are not yet fully understood.

Another consequence is the great rise in the number of married women at work. Politicians do not need to study the statistics to find this out. They know it from the painful experience of canvassing in the afternoons during General Elections and never finding anybody at home! Some may say that this is a bad thing, that "A woman's place is in the home," and that "It is bad for the children to be parked out." But I believe it is good that opportunity should be provided for women to work if they want to; and that whether they do so or not is for them to decide.

MY THIRD implication is less clear. I put it in the form of a question. What exactly is the relationship between full employment and productivity? For part of the way at least they march together. As employment rises, productivity rises. As factories are more fully manned, the labour employed in them is more fully occupied. We can judge this from our experience of the opposite in 1952 when, as demand fell, there was under-employment as well as unemployment, and hence a fall in productivity.

Full employment also has a beneficial effect on the attitude of workers towards productivity. It makes them less afraid that technical

advance is going to throw them on the scrap-heap. Because they are less afraid they do not resist it so much. Trade union leaders could never have supported the drive for greater productivity if there had been much unemployment in these last years.

Finally, a willingness on the part of industry to invest in new and more modern equipment—which leads to higher productivity in the future—is certainly associated with full employment. A high level of demand, coupled with the expectation that marketing will be relatively easy and prices at least maintained is a powerful stimulus for businessmen to go ahead with investment projects.

But there are arguments on the other side which must be stated. If it is made extremely easy for businesses to make profits—and such must be the case under very full employment—then, so it has been held, the spur to greater efficiency is reduced. This may not be so much a matter of cost reductions as of the application of new ideas, new designs. Although it is impossible to be precise, this danger is certainly more serious in the brimful employment situation which we have in Britain than in the economies of some of our competitors, where profits are not won so easily.

And secondly, brimful employment brings another risk with it—the greater risk of inflation, of continually rising costs and prices which in turn lead to difficulties in our overseas trade balance, and to other unsatisfactory consequences. But of this a little more—later.

II

Now let me turn back to the main question—the prospect for prosperity. So far as we have gone, it does not seem too bad. If defence expenditure and other similar sacrifices can be kept down, if the terms of trade are no worse, if technical progress continues at least as fast, cannot the Government do their share and keep up employment, investment, and productivity? What stands in the way of a smooth advance to higher and higher living standards?

There is the threat of an economic slump starting in the U.S.A.* and spreading to the rest of the world. This could still happen. But for two reasons I believe it is not very likely. First we have nowadays what are called, in a clumsy phrase, "built-in stabilisers." By this is meant that there are certain automatic processes which take place if a depression starts, and which prevent that depression from becoming cumulative. Cumulative it would be—and has been so often in the past—if falling orders, falling output, and falling employment led to a decline in people's spendable incomes and then to an actual cut in their spending—which in turn produced another fall in orders and output, etc. The stabilisers break the chain at various points. The most important of them are unemployment pay, which helps to sustain incomes when output and employment are falling; the high rate of progressive taxation—for this means that people and companies automatically get substantial tax reliefs as incomes decline, and thus their spendable incomes fall less than their total incomes before tax; and a high *normal* rate of saving—for this, like tax payments, can be cut back as incomes fall, so that spending falls less even than spendable income. All these things happened in the 1954 recession in the U.S.A. and helped to prevent it developing into a major slump.

The second reason why a general depression on the 1929-33 scale is unlikely is that the U.S. Government as well as other Governments have more knowledge of this problem than ever before, more power at their disposal in dealing with it, and feel more pressure upon them to take action. The knowledge comes from much more elaborate statistical services; the power from the fact that public expenditure—which like taxation can be varied at will by the Government—is so much larger in proportion to the total

national income; and the pressure from a public opinion which will punish any Government with severe electoral defeat which allows unemployment to continue. Thus we can assume that not only more bank credit but increased public spending and reduced taxation will, if necessary, be used effectively to sustain the general level of demand.

For all these reasons, therefore, I do not believe we need fear another major depression. But we must expect minor or non-cumulative recessions. We cannot hope to avoid from time to time a fall in demand which leads to a fall in output. The "built-in stabilisers" will come into play, and the Government will take action. Together they should succeed in preventing a fall in spending and therefore a further decline in output. Recovery should set in, and within say a year or eighteen months output should be back to its old level. But all the same there will have been a temporary setback.

Now these minor recessions cannot be dismissed as unimportant. They can have very awkward international consequences. Happily the rest of the world did not suffer any damage on the last occasion, in 1954. But that was largely because of a simultaneous and somewhat fortuitous expansion both in industrial activity elsewhere and also in American Government overseas spending. The former prevented a collapse of world commodity prices and a contraction of international trade. The latter was sufficient to offset—and indeed more than offset—the decline in demand for imports into the U.S.A. provoked by the recession, which might otherwise have plunged the rest of the world in another dollar crisis. The obvious conclusion is that the world must still be ready to deal with further recessions of this kind so as to prevent their extension to other countries. Various plans have in fact been suggested for this in the UN committees and other bodies, and there seem to me no very serious technical difficulties about implementing them. The danger is that the good luck of 1954 may produce a far too complacent attitude among Governments towards the problem,

* Why "starting in the U.S.A."? Because what happens there has a greater impact on the rest of the world than what happens elsewhere, because a dollar crisis could be a dangerous conductor of depressions—and because it was that way last time!

so that adequate preparations are not made in advance.

A SECOND danger is inflation at home. This can happen in more than one way. There can be a "cost inflation"—an upward movement of prices starting on the costs side; and a "demand inflation" where the initial trouble is too much spending. The two, however, tend to get very much mixed up. I regard the cost inflation at the more likely and more awkward. This takes place if wages go up faster than productivity, so that labour costs rise. It might be supposed that higher wages would stimulate employers to increase productivity and so, as it were, to check automatically any tendency to inflation. No doubt there is some effect of this kind, but it does not seem to work out that way in Britain as much as in the U.S.A. Alternatively the effect might be just to reduce profits, to change the distribution of the proceeds between Labour and Capital; but in practice this does not seem to happen in Britain either. When wages rise faster than productivity, manufacturers tend to pass on higher costs in higher prices and are able to do so because of the increased demand generated by the rise in wages. Maybe this is encouraged by the more monopolistic outlook of British industry.

This process is also far more likely under conditions of very full employment. For in such conditions, the bargaining power of the unions is especially strong and the leaders of the unions, even though they be the most moderate of men and behave in a most responsible and statesmanlike manner, will find it hard to carry their members with them. For the time being, one group of workers gets ahead of the others because their wages go up before prices generally rise. But then, in succession, a wave of wage increases follows which in turn leads to price increases. It would be wrong to say that the consequence of this is that there is no net gain to labour. There is almost certainly some net gain, but not at the expense of profits, which usually tend to rise in these conditions just as fast, if not faster. The gain is at the ex-

pense of those with relatively fixed incomes, the professional classes, people living on small pensions and social insurance benefits, if these are not speedily adjusted. One consequence therefore of the cost inflation is that it alters the distribution of income in an arbitrary manner.

But another and more vicious consequence is that it involves a level of prices at home which tends to get more and more out of line with those of other countries where the same phenomenon is not taking place. And certainly, if one compares the movement of wages and prices in the U.S.A. and in Germany with that in Britain in recent years, ours have been rising faster. The obvious risk is that we then price ourselves out of export markets. It may be said that this danger is exaggerated, that after all, exports have continued to rise. So they did—earlier this year—but I fancy we have been in the fortunate position, up to now, of enjoying something of a competitive margin in our export markets because of the devaluation of the pound in 1949. If this is so, then we can continue to hold our position for the time being, but not as soon as that margin has been consumed. I must emphasise that this danger only occurs if wages go up faster than productivity here and do not do so elsewhere. And of course it can be offset if by any chance the prices of materials are declining.

Part of the difficulty is that productivity goes up at very different rates in different sectors of the economy. Suppose it advances by—say—5% per annum in some industries and wages go up by the same amount. In those industries there is no increase in labour costs or prices: all seems well. But elsewhere productivity may not have risen at all—yet higher wages will be claimed and conceded. So labour costs have risen, and so do prices.

INDUSTRIAL friction is a likely product of the same situation. If employers resist the demands of the workers in these conditions there may well be strikes. Moreover, when there is an acute shortage of labour and also very high profits, the general atmosphere

is not likely to be such as will encourage a keen sense of social responsibility.

Nevertheless, one must not exaggerate this particular danger. If inflation is likely to lead to industrial trouble, deflation is certainly much worse. There were far more working days lost in strikes in the depression after the First World War than in the boom after the Second World War.

Nor should one exaggerate the more general problem of cost inflation. Clearly wages can go up a certain amount without any inflation. It is a matter of degree. But personally I doubt whether in conditions of very full employment it is possible to prevent for long some inflation of costs, unless there is an understanding between the Government, the unions, and the employers imposing a restraint all round. In one country, namely Holland, quite elaborate arrangements of this kind exist. Possibly something of the sort might eventually be introduced here. It would be a mistake, however, to think that we could transplant schemes which happen to suit a particular social and industrial pattern in Holland into Britain, where the background is a very different one. Moreover, wage restraint is hardly conceivable unless it is accompanied by restraint on other incomes as well. This would be a big departure from the principle of the free economy, but it is hard to see how we can keep our brimful employment without something of the kind.

The second type of inflation is one which is caused by excessive demand. It happens when Government policy in the control of credit and through the budget becomes too slack, with the consequence that too much spending power is permitted. This leads to a rise in prices and also to an increase in home consumption. The increase in home consumption, if we already have full employment, will draw back too much into the home market and away from exports. It will also mean higher imports.

To avoid this a Government must not only resist the political temptations of a too easy budget or a too low structure of interest rates, it must also be properly informed as to what

is happening in the economy, so that demand can be kept at just the right level. Although our capacity to forecast is certainly improved, we do not yet possess as much information as we should. Oddly enough, the American Government is far better served with up-to-date statistics than the British Government. Neither Mr. Dalton in 1947, Sir Stafford Cripps in 1949, Mr. Butler in 1954, or I myself in 1951 knew as soon as we should have done just what was going wrong. In particular, our knowledge of investment trends, of the level of stocks and, I should add, of the character of foreign exchange transactions is quite inadequate.

THE third general danger is less easy to explain or define. I mean by this the danger that the more successful we are in increasing production, the more we find ourselves either in trouble with the balance of overseas payments or able to pay our way only by accepting less favourable terms on which to trade with the rest of the world.

We are essentially a processing country. We import most of our materials: we use our skill, our equipment, and our brains to convert them into elaborate manufactured products. We sell a good part of these products abroad in order to pay both for the materials we need for their manufacture and for the food we also import. This means that rising industrial production here must inevitably involve a larger volume of imports—imports of materials to meet the needs of industry, imports of food as the standard of living goes up. To pay for these extra imports we must expand exports as well—and of course all the more so if we have to pay higher prices for our imports too.

But can we look forward with confidence to an expansion of exports? If exports do not rise, then we may be forced, in order to save imports, to restrict the pace of our expansion. Or alternatively we may be driven to cutting the prices of our exports, thus accepting worse terms of trade and having to sell on that account an even larger volume of exports.

Of course this third danger cannot really

be separated in practice from the second. The more internal expansion is accompanied by inflation, the greater the problem. It will obviously be harder to push up exports if either our costs are rising too fast or the attraction of the home market is too strong. But there could be a problem of selling more goods abroad to pay for larger imports, even if there were no rise in labour costs here or anything which could reasonably be called inflation in the state of home demand.

III

THESE, then, as I see it, are the three dangers—the three things which beset our prospect of prosperity. Even though it is hard to predict how menacing they may be, I can hardly leave the subject without saying something about how we are to protect ourselves against them.

In each case the immediate danger will present itself in the form of a balance of payments deficit. An American recession will, it is true, make its impact felt through a decline in exports and local unemployment. But generally speaking the Government should be able to offset this by increasing home demand and mopping up the unemployment. The great difficulty is that in the process exports may fall more than imports.

As to inflation, this too has drawbacks from a purely internal angle—because of its effect on the distribution of income—but it is again the fall in exports and the rise in imports which are its more serious consequences.

Our third danger also takes the same form, when exports fail to expand sufficiently to pay for the increased cost of imports made necessary by rising production.

What, then, can be done to restore the balance, to close the gap? We have in our armoury three weapons. First, following classical doctrines, we can reduce the pressure of inflation in the economy as a whole. We can either by credit or by budgetary policies, or by both, increase the outflow and diminish the inflow of money into active circulation. The purpose of this is to restrict home demand so as to allow export demand to take

its place, to discourage increase in costs and to reduce, *inter alia*, purchases from abroad.

There are important differences between the two policies. Perhaps the most significant—and it is a serious drawback—is that the restriction of credit tends rather to curtail business spending and investment either in stocks or machinery, whereas withdrawing money by taxation in relation to public expenditure is more likely to curtail personal expenditure or consumption. Naturally, too, the reduction in incomes and spending will be carried out in a different and less planned fashion by credit than by budgetary policy. But both methods are alike in this: that their effects are felt *generally* throughout the whole economy, and not at special points within it.

Now nobody would deny the need to check excessive monetary pressure, but it is most unlikely, if we rely on general restrictions of this kind, that brimful employment will be maintained. After all, the general reduction in demand will not necessarily lead to either the required increase in exports or fall in imports before it has damped down industrial production and productivity and produced actual unemployment. In addition, therefore, to the inevitable loss imposed because we must buy less from foreign countries or send more to them, there will be some waste of resources through lowered production and employment.

Not only are the effects of budgetary and monetary policy general, they are also very much lacking in precision. The instruments are blunt. It is in practice not possible to be sure that either a given rise in interest rates or even a given budget surplus will be just sufficient and no more to do the trick.

SECONDLY, we could use to supplement these general instruments specific or, as they are often called, physical controls; direct controls over imports and building is the type of thing I have in mind. The advantage lies in the fact that they are *specific*, that they artificially block the pressures at particularly vulnerable points and hold out the hope at least that the balance of payments may be corrected without a *general* fall-off in de-

mand. They could also be used to carry out a deliberate plan of encouraging the production of more goods at home in place of imports, instead of relying on the expansion of exports. Yet they, too, have their drawbacks. They are not popular internationally, and they are not easy to administer. Their ultimate success turns on the assumption that money which would have been spent in one way is spent in another and less damaging way, or is saved or paid in taxes—a possibility which, incidentally, those who dislike them seldom seem to allow for at all.

My view is that we make a mistake if we discard these controls completely, but I should never say that we can rely on them alone.

Finally, there is a third instrument—which we speak of usually only in whispers—a lowering of the exchange rate.

Obviously if our unit costs here rise by 10% above the level of other countries, this can, from the point of view of competitive ability, be exactly offset by a 10% depreciation in the value of sterling. People sometimes suppose that this simple device can be used to get us out of any trouble. If we do not wish to progress so fast as other people, if we prefer a rising level of income and prices, if we suffer from less favourable terms of trade, surely we can just put it right by allowing our exchange rate to fall? Alas, in practice it is not so simple. There are complications and risks. They all really boil down to the danger of cumulative inflation.⁴ If the idea gets around that the exchange rate is sooner or later going to be lowered, then those who have the choice do all they can to avoid holding sterling in any form: this crisis of “confidence” itself may force through a depreciation of the exchange rate; but as the exchange rate falls, the prices of imports rise, which in turn affects the cost of living and stimulates higher wages and further inflation at home.

This sequence of events is not a certainty, but it is a real possibility.

So, all our defences have their defects and their weaknesses.

Finally, any trouble with the balance of

payments is greatly aggravated if the gold and dollar reserves are low. Big reserves will not, it is true, free us from a chronic tendency to excess imports due to chronic inflation. But big reserves would give us time—time to endure a temporary recession in America, time to allow a temporary stocking-up here, time to cope with a temporarily unfavourable movement of the terms of trade, time for moderate correction to be applied. When reserves are too small, as they have been since the war and still are, a minor adverse change is speedily transformed into an exchange crisis.

IV

LOOKING at the prospect as a whole, it seems that, providing international tension remains relaxed, the basic conditions for prosperity are more favourable than they have been for the past ten years. We need not expect a major world slump. We can reasonably count on a continuing advance in productivity—though the pace is uncertain. We should not have to use so much, if any, of our extra output each year for increasing our defences, or via exports to meet the bill for more highly priced imports. There should therefore be rather more available for raising either our present or—through investment—our future living standards.

Yet there are clouds in the sky. They take the form of threats of balance of payments trouble—though the threats do not all come from the same quarter. They are threats of a recurrence of what we have already experienced several times since the war—though external circumstances are different.

Exactly in what way, however, is our prospect of prosperity really affected by this balance of payments trouble? The question is worth considering if only because of the contrast between the sensationalism surrounding the crises of 1947, 1949, and 1951—and shall we add 1955?—and the absence of any striking simultaneous or even consequential change in living or working conditions at home.

Part of the contrast is undoubtedly artificial. We need not expect an exchange crisis to produce a corresponding crisis in our internal economy. And particularly is this the case if the trouble is only temporary, and the crisis due just to shortage of reserves.*

But some of the contrast is due to the fact that the full potential consequences of balance of payments trouble almost never occur, because the Government sees to it that they do not.

When Sir Stafford Cripps warned the country that the great threat to employment was not economic depression but inability to earn enough through exports to pay for the materials we needed to keep our factories going, he was absolutely right. If a balance of payments deficit is really chronic, and cannot be covered by borrowing, gifts, or using up foreign exchange reserves or other assets, then eventually the cuts in imports might extend to materials for the factories. There would be a sharp fall in employment and production and a wasteful and far-reaching adjustment of the pattern of our economy would be necessary. No one would doubt in such conditions that the country was less prosperous. For example, Israel—facing very grave external difficulties and suffering from a huge balance of payments deficit—has been at times right up against this danger, though she now seems to be over the worst.

And undoubtedly if the process of internal inflation is allowed to continue and accelerate (the one eventually implies the other) there is no doubt that this leads to a serious fall in production and very alarming social consequences—as it did in several continental countries after both world wars.

But these are the rare and extreme cases, which need not be thought of as serious possibilities for Britain today.

* Changes in the amount consumed, which give a fair indication of actual changes in living standards, are very much smaller from year to year than one would suppose if one were to judge from newspapers or public opinion. Here is the index of consumption, excluding price changes, since 1948: 1948, 100; 1949, 102.1; 1950, 104.1; 1951, 103.5; 1952, 102.2; 1953, 106.2; 1954, 110.7.

The threat in our case takes a much less grave form: it springs not from allowing the balance of payments deficit to continue, but from the corrective measures which are applied to stop it so as to avoid the even greater evil of allowing the deficit to continue unchecked.

The measures in question, together with their effects, have already been described. General measures of deflation—whether through credit control or the budget—threaten prosperity chiefly through the damping-down of production and employment. Just how far this has to go before the overseas payments gap is closed—or, to be more accurate, before a sufficient surplus is achieved—is very hard to predict. Indeed, this can fairly be described as the 64-dollar question for the British Chancellor of the Exchequer today.

If demand in the rest of the world is very buoyant: if quite a small drop in demand at home leads quickly to a sharp decline in imports and expansion of exports, then there is no need to worry much. The whole process of correction might be carried through by, say, an increase in unemployment from 1% to 2%, and no more than a slowing down of the rate of increase in industrial production.

BUT the operation may not go nearly so smoothly. The check to prosperity might be serious and prolonged—unemployment might have to rise a good deal further—and, if a future crisis were to be avoided, be held at this higher level. The rate of increase of production might have to be kept down much more. It is not surprising that the Conservative Government has seemed nervous at times of using its own chosen instruments of control.

The effects of direct or physical controls on “prosperity” are much less serious. They stop people—and some people in particular—from doing things they would like to do which the Government considers are not particularly valuable or important—importing inessential consumer goods, putting up buildings which will give satisfaction and pleasure to themselves and others but which can easily wait.

The weakness here is partly in the tiresome nature of such controls if a large number of persons are directly affected, partly in the dangers of retaliation from other countries (which, however, can easily be exaggerated), and partly in the doubt as to how far they will be effective—particularly in expanding exports compared with contracting imports. Their great merit, on the other hand, is that they should allow a higher level of employment and production to be continued without so much balance of payments trouble.

The third line of action also—the depreciation of the exchange rate—involves no damping down of production and employment. But, even if it is successful in stimulating exports and depressing imports sufficiently to close the gap in overseas payments, it affects prosperity in another way. It involves less favourable terms of trade. Thus as a country we are forced to consume less, not only because we have to buy less from and sell more to foreign countries, but also because in order to close the gap we have to give more of our exports in exchange for a given volume of imports.

One writes in somewhat abstract terms. In practice, the management of the economy has to be carried out in much more complex and confused conditions. For Britain in particular the problem of overseas payments is immensely complicated by the existence of the sterling area (which, however, brings some solid advantages to us), which I have had to ignore. Neither diagnosis nor prescription are easy. But one can say that at least nowadays we do try to manage the economy—whereas forty or thirty years ago this was by no means accepted. And we have in these last ten years certainly learnt a great deal both about what happens and how to put it right.

I end with this reflection. If the really basic

conditions of prosperity—peace and technical progress—are present, as I hope and believe they will be, that is the most important thing of all. We can be sure at least of some advance. How fast it goes depends partly on economic developments outside our country which are not within our control.

But some things do lie in our power; we can make wise decisions about the allocation of our resources between the present and the future. We can try and avoid policies of adjustment which themselves involve further sacrifice.

But we shall make things easier for ourselves, avoid crises, and move on more smoothly if we do not go too far in challenging the logic of our own limitations. The checks to prosperity which I have just been describing are necessary because we have been trying to enjoy more prosperity in a freer economy than can for the moment be provided.

Most difficulties in economic policy spring from the inconsistency between the ends which people put before themselves and the means they are prepared to employ to achieve these ends. If we try and enjoy what we haven't got and what we're not able or prepared to do enough to get, then there is trouble. To avoid this in a democracy calls not only for much skill, wisdom, and courage in economic planning on the part of the Government, but also for a high degree of understanding and cooperation on the part of the people. This in my view will only be forthcoming in a society based on equality and fraternity as well as upon liberty. For only in such a society will the behaviour of individuals and groups be sufficiently inspired by a sense of responsibility and real regard for the interests of the rest of the community.

NOTES FROM A DIARY

On things seen from the Air

Paris to Rome. Grey as slate and nothing to be seen until suddenly there was a break in the clouds and the cabin was filled with light reflected from a mirror—the Lake of Geneva. At the far end of the lake above Montreux, the shore was lost in dull grey cloud, until high above it and quite unrelated, appeared the peaks of snow drawn in ink on white paper mounted on grey paper.

High up in the Alps at the edge of Italy there is a little lake like a shining blue feather cemented to a dam as though to the ivory fastening at the bottom of a fan. The Italian side of the Alps seems a southern sloping rock and fruit garden where roofs and towers ripen like melons and tile-coloured peaches.

The fields of Italy lined by brush strokes and gravers: gone over gone over thought over thought over worked on and worked on.

Looking down at Italy from the cabin one thinks—*douceur de vivre*—and this is inseparable from the thought that the dead have made this for us, and we, without leaving any trace (unless destruction) on it, will soon belong to the emptiness between us and its time—death. So this kind of happiness when one looks down is inseparable from unhappiness.

The lines of the stationary aeroplanes at Rome airport are like those of abstract drawing scratched against an involved elaborate texture of antique hills.

Eating a luxurious cardboard-tasting nasty meal 20,000 feet up, one has the true experience of contemporary travel. That the travellers are on stilts and going at speeds which have no relation to the sensible sensuous crawling on the ground. Inflated balloons, stuck-up giants above microscopic moment-to-moment particulars, we are.

Thoughts in the air: Society

Most members of Society are easily influenced, too intimidated to challenge its rules.

Whoever cannot change the hidden gold of his most intimate life into its currency of available gossip, insults Society.

Whoever is deeply interested in some topic which he either talks of or is else silent about, Society labels a Bore.

All topics such as illness, death, religion, and unhappiness are barred unless (as sometimes happens through an audacious *tour de force*) they can be made amusing, and a little shocking.

Yet Society serves an ideal, which is that of transforming private lives into the currency of its own group. If hard, it has no place for self-pity. It has its standards.

In fact, Society may be the one true survival of a classical way of life in a contemporary world. For all past and present Societies are basically the same, putting names before everything else, hostile to seriousness, hard, glittering, sacrificial. Society's great merit is that of having standards as external and objective as if its members had consented to spend their whole lives as models in a Fashion display.

It fights the tendency to be subjective, and through sacrificing everything to this, it creates a style. That is why even Socialists and New Critics can be seduced by it.

Countries of Prose: countries of Poetry

When entering the countries of poetry, you would not be ashamed to have "poet," "dervish," "assassin," or "astrologer" written in your passport.

There is a poem by Rilke in which he calls a beggar, standing on a bridge over the Seine, the centre of the universe around whom everything flows.

This point of view (too mystical really for Paris) would not do in the Anglo-Saxon countries where beggars are, essentially, people to be looked after.

In Britain and America everything and everyone is whatever they are for a prosaic or scientific reason, and if any phenomenon is out of place, the displacement can be *explained*. To be fanatical, mad, an artist, is to be in a situation that can be explained and therefore related to the sum of related terms of the whole community.

In the countries of prose the poets nevertheless seem to themselves outsiders. For a century or so they accepted this situation, were rather proud to be pariahs. Ultimately they signed a peace treaty with society: their Collected Works in calf-bound editions. Many of them became a kind of pseudo-aristocracy.

Recently the poets have established themselves in the countries of prose by an interesting strategy. They have pretended to be analysts dissecting contemporary situations with their symbolic instruments. Since this claim requires support in the actual language of prose, they have enlisted criticism to

their side, often writing out themselves the credentials for their own poetry. Criticism is the analysis of the analysis.

But the poets are even cleverer than this. They not only produce an analysable product, they also extract from it an irreducible poetic substance—quite scientific-sounding—the small piece of radioactive material, which gives authority to the analytic criticism. When I was an undergraduate, T. S. Eliot came to our college literary society and was asked what he meant by the line

Lady, three white leopards sat under a juniper tree

He replied:

“Lady, three white leopards sat under a juniper tree.”

All the same, something is felt to have gone out of life in the prose countries. Hence the attraction of the “primitive” kind of existence where everything, in being what it is, is taken for granted as part of a pattern. Hence, too, psychoanalysis is looked on hopefully because it does discover, in the subconscious, forces which, though analysable, irrationally exist.

Anti-Americanism

Sometimes based on a simple idealistic wish that America would perform some act quite different from anything else in history. South-East Asian students I talked with in Sydney told me that although the U.S. had done much for Ceylon, India, etc., this was always for motives that are “interested.” In other countries too I have observed this feeling of resentment that America has not accomplished an absolutely disinterested act—an act outside historic materialism and therefore disproving it.

How could such an act be possible?

Prisoners

Tosca, Aida, Fidelio—how many operas are about prisoners. The prisoner is above all a 19th century concept of the early Romantic Movement, which began when the ideals of nationalism were fused with those of the French Revolution. Thus Byron’s *Prisoner of Chillon* echoes in many European poems. The prisoner becomes the symbol of enslaved nationalism inspired by social justice and burning

with hope and the sense of wrongs. The prisoner, being entirely involved in the public ideal, is purged of personal wrong-doing. He is not tragic, because he lives in a tragedy for which History has promised a happy ending. One might even say that the Prisoner is a tragic hero in reverse, living in a tragedy which begins with entombment and will end with the opening up of tombs. In *Fidelio*, all the prisoners are set free in the third act.

When the prisoner has passed the test which proves that, although virile and capable of manly love, his private life is no blot on his symbolic one, then he becomes in secret truth not the prisoner at all but the hidden enclosed judge of the rest of society. It is assumed that, when released, he will invent a society in which there are no prisoners like him. The prisoners will have become the just rulers.

Thus an argument of moral force in politics is that which attempts to show that the “other side” has prisoners—i.e. has locked up the true judges. Since, in fact, during this century, there have been a great many prisoners, governments have gone to extraordinary lengths in order to effect the moral condemnation of these. Techniques which are even more secret than those for making atomic weapons have been evolved to make prisoners condemn themselves out of their own mouths. The point is not so much to incriminate the prisoner (this is perhaps impossible) as to show that in the modern world innocence has no force. The confession does not prove that the Prisoner is guilty, but that he can, in all and any circumstances, be made to confess. He is made to condone the system which belies his truth. Instead of proving to us that we can identify ourselves with his heroic truth, he shows that there is no heroic truth which cannot be annihilated by a lie. If the concept of the prisoner who is free in his soul and who condemns his judges is destroyed, then the idea of freedom is also destroyed and *there is no escape for those outside prison*.

When gaolers are condemned there is always a phase of hope. No doubt another gaoler could take the place of a Beria or a Perón; but meanwhile all the prisoners whom he condemned out of their own mouths are morally acquitted. All the same, a grave doubt still exists in this century as to whether the man in the darkest dungeon is free.

Stephen Spender

Epstein in Blackpool

THE municipal art gallery at Blackpool is known as the Grundy Art Gallery. This does not suggest that fine art has much to contribute to Blackpool's gaiety—though for all I know, the Grundy Art Gallery may be unworthy of its name. But elsewhere in Blackpool art and gaiety co-exist even under one roof—that of a museum of waxworks whose main attractions include “Mrs. Ellis in her own clothes” and an “Exhibition of Epstein's Works.”

This exhibition, a permanent feature of the museum, consists of three over-life-size alabasters, *Jacob wrestling with the Angel*, *Consummation Est*, and *Adam*, and a small bronze *Eve*, together with a “Picture Gallery of Genuine Autographed Charcoal Etchings by Sir Jacob Epstein.” These items are housed in a basement, with the pipes along its ceiling painted gold, which also contains “Royal Family Giant Pictures. Beefeater. P.C.49. Replicas of the Crown Jewels of England. The Coelacanth.” There is also a little shop where you can buy souvenirs and Donald McGill postcards.

Jacob and Adam do not attract as many sightseers as Mrs. Ellis or the Duke of Edinburgh or Marilyn Monroe. But quite a lot of people do come and file respectfully past them, the ladies tending to avert their gaze and nudge their companions as they discover that Adam is endowed with attributes of virility which any stallion would be proud to own (even though they are strangely set askew). But neither the anatomy nor the æsthetic conception of the Epsteins seems to arouse any *violent* effect in their Blackpool public—whether of pleasure or horror or amusement or envy. Perhaps the time has passed when modernistic art could shock. Perhaps it is not a question of time but of place. Blackpool is no ordinary place, where

good and bad exist together, and there are some things you like and others you don't like. Blackpool is either Hell or Heaven, and if you like it at all, its spell is so strong that you find yourself submitting to everything it has to offer, and even Sir Jacob Epstein cannot offend you.

IT MAY be wondered why anyone has gone to the considerable expense of buying three major and a number of other works by Epstein to place on exhibition in Blackpool. After all, Reginald Dixon does not play Bach Toccatas on the organ of the Tower Ballroom, nor have the illuminations been designed by Sir Hugh Casson. Blackpool showmen know best of anyone what the public wants or will take. Why Epstein then? Up to a point Sex is the answer, of course. The Adam and the Angel have the same kind of appeal as the monkey-house; the drawings on view are a series of groups of naked people recumbent in bed; there are several worthless drawings by another hand hung with the Epsteins and these are studies of the female nude; and there is obviously a reason why the drawings are described as “etchings.”

But if it were sex alone that was wanted, why not Sir William Russell Flint? And if it were the notoriety of modernism that was wanted, why not Henry Moore or even Picasso (Blackpool showmen are very rich), who nowadays have a worse name than Epstein? To be sure, Epstein's work is both sexy and modernistic. But more important, perhaps, is its possession of another ingredient necessary to popular success—the use of art to express high-minded ideas.

Epstein's high-mindedness is the burthen of all the several commentaries and apologies in the catalogue of the exhibition at Black-

pool. There is a poem, for example, "Epstein's *Adam*," which concludes:

A beast touch (*sic*) with divinity, a human
animal,
Reaching out to something that is big and
beautiful,
Challenging with outstretched jaws the laws
of life and death,
Waiting its redemption by the Man of
Nazareth.

Then there is an excerpt "from a Speech on Epstein's Masterpiece *Adam*."

"You are now looking at the greatest work of art that has been produced since the Sphinx in Egypt. No doubt many of you have received a great shock at the first glance, but I feel sure that if you will study it closely, you will realise that Epstein's *Adam* is a great *symbolic figure*, a tremendous *primitive figure* with its suggestion of the animal just being transformed into the human and the divine, a groping, shambling, *aspiring figure* looking upwards for help to his creator, and yet pushing forward along the ground determinedly towards its great destiny.

"There is no question about Epstein's genius when you look at all the models around you now, which have been taken from living people. If you will look at them long enough, you will see them breathe and live. These are Epstein's creations from life. *Adam is the creation of Epstein's imagination* and his genius. Epstein looks upon it as a highly religious work, and it is a religious and mystical statue that tries to express an idea. It does not attempt to be beautiful, but sufficient that it will make you think very deeply and ask yourself the one question, '*What is your opinion of what the FIRST MAN was like?*'"

"This *Adam* is a lesson given to the World that will go down to posterity, for all to study, wonder and reason, and so enjoy the knowledge contained in this wonderful work that could only have been produced by God or Epstein."

Thus the justification which is offered the public relates entirely to the value of the work in communicating "knowledge" and ideas: "... a highly religious work ... tries to express an idea ... does not attempt to be beautiful ... will make you think very deeply. ..."

Just along the road from the Epstein exhibition in Blackpool's Golden Mile is a little theatre presenting a series of tableaux revealing the secrets of the Turkish harem. The ladies on view pose in a fashion familiar

to all habitués of the music-hall. But as they stand or recline there, a little old man in a trilby hat gives a running commentary on the performance in which he expounds the history, psychology, and archæology of his subject rather as if he were the visiting lecturer who has brought a number of coloured lantern slides of strange sights from far away to show to the assembled school. And his audience is expected to behave with a fitting decorum. When some of its more delinquent members started to titter, "Order! Order!" he cried, "Order! You're behaving like a lot of nincompoops." Epstein's alabasters accord with England's habit of mixing sex with uplift and enjoying revelations at several different levels simultaneously.

BUT the significance of the use of Epstein statuary as a form of popular art has more to it than this confirmation of what is taken for granted about the English national character. It is a further sign of a recent and international trend in popular art—a tendency to find its language in the Expressionism which was the fine art of a few decades ago.

Readers of so-called "horror comics" may have observed that the style of drawing commonly used in them is closely akin, both in its general conception of form and in its particular distortions, to that of Munch and of Nolde and other German Expressionists. *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, in fact, can now be seen as but the first stage in a process of popularising Expressionism which is now complete. Sir Jacob Epstein is one of the few serious artists alive today who is a true and unadulterated Expressionist: not only do the actual shapes of his carvings recall the massive, squarish, wilfully ungainly, quasi-primitive shapes of German Expressionist sculpture, but his criterion of value, as he himself and his friends have expounded it, is the ideological content transmitted by the work of art, transmitted, that is, not by illustration, but through the direct impact of the forms themselves, forms in which beauty does not matter; this criterion is, of course, the pure Expressionist doctrine. Blackpool's appropriation of a group of Epstein's major works is one among many examples of popular art's appropriation of Expressionism.

David Sylvester

Letter from MILAN

The End of Ideology?

FROM the 12th to the 17th of September about one hundred and fifty writers, politicians, journalists, university teachers met in the austere elegant Museo Nazionale della Tecnica e della Scienza to expound to each other their ideas about "The Future of Freedom."

The conference, which was convoked by the Congress for Cultural Freedom, was painstakingly prepared with clear intention. It was not the purpose of the organisers to end with definite conclusions, with agreed statements or with public pronouncements. It was rather to forward the process of breaking the encrustations of liberal and socialist thought, to discover their common ground, and to push forward with the task of formulating more realistic and more inclusive ideas on the conditions of the free society.

There were, nevertheless, material hindrances imposed by the ground plan of the long, relatively narrow, meeting hall, and by the lowness of the rostrum from which speakers addressed the audience; and a general deficiency of the conference lay in the fact that there was so much so well and so challengingly said on so many topics related to the central themes that heads were sent into a whirl. Appetites for further discussion were continually being aroused—first by an avalanche of papers and then by a steady stream of speakers who were allowed some five minutes in which to set forth their best ideas—and they could not be satisfied except on the occasion when it was possible to meet at lunch or dinner, by which time the scent of the idea had been somewhat dissipated. In the sessions themselves there was little such interchange—though what there

was, was exceptionally spirited and to the point. Rather, each speaker commented on some aspect or issue in one of the several papers which had been laid before the conference at that particular session, and then the author of each paper at the end of the session commented on the points made by the speakers about his papers. Only when the chairman was far-sighted enough to group the commentators about a few basic themes did the procession of speakers become a parade rather than a promenade. This happened, for example, when Mr. Minoo Masani, the clear-witted author-diplomat-politician-businessman from Bombay, presided over the session devoted to the similarities and differences of "Communist" and "capitalist" economic systems; he had, it was true, the advantage of having under his chairmanship two extremely lucid and polemical papers each devoted to exactly the same theme—Soviet economic growth—and taking diametrically opposed positions. Normally, however, this was not the case; there were several sessions in which there were four to six papers all very stimulating and on a very high intellectual level, each different from the others but no one more challenging than the others. Then the range of attention spread and the analysis was not cumulative.

For this reason it would be very difficult to summarise the results of the conference. It was like a conversation among a group of lively, well-informed, and disciplined minds which goes on for hours and hours and touches on long series of fascinating and tricky problems, refreshes them all, settles none, and passes from one to the other without either an explicit consolidation of the

incipient consensus or a promulgation of the outstanding differences of opinion. Then, when the conversation breaks up, one leaves with one's head buzzing with ideas, with the feeling that this idea ought to be re-thought and that that problem ought to be reconsidered, and at the same time cannot restate exactly what was said, exactly what new idea or bit of knowledge was added to one's understanding. Such conversations, without adding a single proposition to our existing stock of knowledge, heighten our sensitivities, direct our attention, open our minds and trouble them. This was the way in which the Milan Conference worked.

THE papers prepared for the Milan Conference numbered more than fifty and practically none was pedestrian, fatuous, or excessively clichéd; at least four-fifths contained novel ideas or fresh formulations. Some of the papers, e.g. M. Bertrand de Jouvenel's "Some Fundamental Similarities between the Soviet and Capitalistic Economic Systems," were of striking originality; others though less original were written with such lucidity and incisiveness that it was a pleasure to read them and to hear their authors summarise their main points—here I may mention Mr. John Plamenatz's "Threats to a Free Society," Professor Ely Devon's "Changing Economic Ideologies in the United Kingdom," M. Kamal Jumblat's "Reflections on Nationalism and Free Societies," Michael Freund's "Tradition and Freedom"; others impressed by their sombre clarity, particularly Professor German Arciniegas's "South America: Freedom vs. Totalitarianism" and Professor Takeyasu Kimura's "The Economic Foundations of Freedom: Some Observations in the Light of Japanese Experience"; still other papers, like Mr. R. H. S. Crossman's "Democratic Control of Foreign Policy," although not original, stimulated by the lively and bellicose tones in which they were written and presented; and there were still others, like Miss Hannah Arendt's "The Rise and Development of Totalitarianism and Authoritarian Forms of Government in the 20th Century," which intrigued by a fascinating obscurity and the rumble of profundity; finally I should mention the representatives of American sociological wisdom, sometimes turgid and seldom elegant, but bringing to the conference an insistent inde-

pendence of thought and an original feeling for the reality of social life.

The papers, despite their diversity of viewpoint and subject matter, circled over a single theme. Almost every paper was in one way or another a critique of doctrinairism, of fanaticism, of ideological possession. Almost every paper at least expressed the author's idea of mankind cultivating and improving its own garden, secure against obsessional visions and phantasies, and free from the harassment of ideologists and zealots. It was the intention of the conference's organisers to move thought further around the turning-point to which we have come in the last years. This turning point might be described as the end of ideological enthusiasm.

IN ONE of the preliminary papers written to state the theme of the conference, Professor Raymond Aron pointed out that the underpinnings of the great ideological conflicts of the first part of this century had largely been pulled out. The once unequivocal distinction between "right" and "left" had been damaged by the knowledge that combinations once alleged by extremist doctrines to be impossible—combinations like collective ownership and tyranny, progressive social policies and full employment under capitalisation, large-scale governmental controls with public liberties—are actually possible. The full awareness that nationalisation is no universal solution to economic problems and that British socialism has not resulted in tyranny have materially weakened the ideologies of thorough-going socialism and thorough-going neo-liberalism.

The obscuring of the once clear distinction between "left" and "right," the discovery that over the past thirty years the extremes of "right" and "left" had disclosed identities which were much more impressive than their differences, the disasters of governing societies by passionate adherence to formulæ, the crimes committed in the names of sacred principles of policy in Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union, had all left a residue of scepticism among many intellectuals in most countries, and created uneasiness among others who are not yet sceptical regarding their inherited doctrines. The fact, too, that in our decade the nations which have most successfully managed their internal affairs—Great Britain, the United States, Western

Germany, and the Scandinavian countries—have increasingly considered their major domestic policies without regard for the standard distinctions of “left” and “right,” of socialism and laissez-faire, but in a matter-of-fact way which recognised no general principles and treated each emerging situation on its own merits, has contributed to disillusion intellectuals of these countries of the notion that one side or the other had a monopoly of the care of freedom and welfare.

This was the background of reflection in which the conference had its origin. The agenda was prepared accordingly. The first session dealt with the growing hollowness of the conventional distinctions between socialism and capitalism. The position had already been taken in an authoritative manner by Mr. Hugh Gaitskill, who held to his realist and moderate equalitarian Socialism while renouncing every cliché. Three papers by Professor J. K. Galbraith of Harvard University, Professor Devons of Manchester University, and Dr. Walter Tritsch of Ascona dealt with the vanity of the claims of simon-pure socialists and free-enterprise liberals. Professor Devons’s paper was devoted to showing in detail for Great Britain, while Galbraith’s and Tritsch’s papers were occupied with the general argument, that it was futile to continue to argue along the old lines as if the crucial distinction in economic policy was between socialism and capitalism. What was striking in these three papers was the deliberate eclecticism of the authors in their attitude towards the solution of economic problems. Intellectuals were chastised for their rigidity, unwillingness to compromise, and especially for their fear of being impure.

From this preliminary sally against doctrinairism in economic policy, and its emphasis on the need to confront problems rather than to conform with the tenets of a general faith, the programme went forward to distinguish the real differences between the Soviet and the Western types of economy. It was the desire of the organisers of the conference to examine the extent to which the Soviet economic system, simply by virtue of being a large-scale industrial system, was forced to meet the same conditions and to face the same problems as the capitalist economies of the West. In other words, was central planning a myth, did the Soviet economic system have to confront the same problems as a

market economy in making decisions as to the types and quantities of goods to be produced, the allocation of resources, etc.? The problem was unfortunately not addressed by the speakers in this session. Mr. Peter Wiles and Mr. Colin Clark (who was very regretably absent from the conference) treated the question of the rate of development of the Soviet economy in their papers. Professor Libero Lenti’s more academic and theoretical paper was passed over in the discussion, and so, on the surface, the conference seemed to veer away from its task of discovering what solid ground was still left under the claims of our inherited ideologies. Instead, the passions of the cold war were raised by some participants who thought that Mr. Wiles’s interpretation gave too favourable a picture of the achievements of the Soviet economy. Yet here, too, the pressure of the programme was effective. Although there was no agreement between Mr. Wiles and the disputants, many of whom were horrified by Mr. Wiles’s mischievous manner of presenting the Soviet achievements, it definitely served to prevent any complacency from settling over the conference.

ONE could not avoid being struck by the impression that the conferees were not on the defensive. As against Mr. Stuart Hampshire’s feeling of repugnance for the idea of safeguarding or defending freedom which he thought characterised the conference, it seemed to me that the conference had in part the atmosphere of a post-victory ball. There was a very widespread feeling that there was no longer any need to justify ourselves *vis-à-vis* the Communist critique of our society. The calls for a renewal of faith or a system of beliefs which we could offer in competition with Bolshevism were very few and were either rejected or disregarded. There was, in a variety of ways, a sometimes rampant, sometimes quiet conviction that Communism had lost the battle of ideas with the West. Even the “thaw” about which there was disagreement was taken in stride, whatever the interpretation, as a vindication of the anti-ideological attitude. Mr. Wiles’s paper performed the great service of putting a block in the way of complacency, and even those who were not convinced by him must surely have assimilated some restraints on a tendency to write the Communists off as not

only morally and intellectually in the wrong, but as weak too.*

Whatever complacency there might have been among the Western anti-Communist participants was blown sky high in the third session. This session, devoted to economic progress in the underdeveloped countries and the rivalry of Communist and democratic methods, presented a large number of papers. Mr. Eric da Costa's paper was remarkable for the fluent optimism with which he looked on the economic future in India. Professor Arthur Lewis was optimistic too, but he was more insistent on the need for strong measures which he thought fully compatible with political liberty and representative institutions in the newly sovereign states of Asia and Africa. M. de Jouvenel's paper, a really remarkable piece of ingenious research, seemed to try to show that there was no short cut for the economically underdeveloped countries. They would have to go through an industrial revolution which, for the severity of life it inflicted on the people as consumers, would not be less painful than the industrial revolution in the West or the development of Soviet industry. His paper, which established striking parallels between the pattern of Soviet and capitalist economic development and which belonged more properly in the preceding session, disclosed one of the subsidiary intentions of the Congress: namely, the persuasion of the intellectual leaders of the free societies with underdeveloped economies that they should not think that, by renouncing the ample political liberties which they now enjoy, they will be able to make more rapid and better economic progress.

A storm burst. It would be wrong to say that the organisers of the conference had overlooked the problem of freedom and welfare in those countries of Africa and Asia which had only recently acquired sovereignty. The mere fact of the presence of so many distinguished participants from those two continents, the generous references in Mr. Gaitskell's talk on the opening day to the

need for economic and political independence in the underdeveloped areas, Mr. Wiles's reference in his paper, and the provision of two full sessions were all evidence enough of this desire to reach out towards a more universal concern for liberty and not to rest content with a European-American view of the matter. Yet the bounds of provision were broken as soon as the discussion started. Speaker after speaker went to the platform, Africans, Asians, Middle Easterners: some speaking with statesmanlike judiciousness, others with sardonic defiance, some in sober academic language, others like forthright sages. They asked for aid from the more advanced countries, stressed how precarious was the situation of liberty among them, and expressed their belief that without an impressive rate of economic progress, liberty might collapse. There were grounds for disagreement here. The Westerners had in their earlier statements disavowed any sympathy for the idea that liberty rests on an economic basis. Not only were they anti-Marxist but they were opposed to the same line of thought when it emanated from the extreme liberals, who insisted that political liberty depended on a free market economy. Perhaps because they were put off by the economism of the Africans and Asians, perhaps because it was thought to be more courteous to those from outside the West to allow them to speak first, perhaps because the delegates were worn out by the strenuous and lively discussion of the morning session, the Western members of the conference did not speak until Mr. Max Beloff of Oxford went to the platform. With angry eloquence, he denied the obligation of the richer countries to provide economic aid to the poorer countries, in a voice which expressed resentment against the resentful overtones which were noticeable in the remarks of some of the Asians. This was followed shortly by another vigorous criticism of the intellectuals of underdeveloped countries for their excessive demands which generated hopes which could not be realised.

A genuine tension was generated by this session which weighed on many minds with disturbance and benefit throughout the conference. It came out even more strongly in Thursday morning's session on Nationalism, under the heading of the "Threats and Obstacles to a Free Society." Here again the distance between the African and Asian

* This assumption should not be attributed to the organisers. Professor Polanyi's insistence on his belief that the Soviet economy had been forced to become a surreptitious market economy could be interpreted as an admission that some of Mr. Wiles's contentions regarding the magnitude of Soviet economic growth were correct.

members on the one side and the Europeans and Americans on the other became tangible. For the Westerners, nationalism was an unfortunate distraction, at worst a source of great troubles springing from the passions, at best a worthy actor in the 19th century drama which was now over. For the Asiatics and Africans it was as integral a part of the concept of freedom as liberty of the press or of personal movement. This session underscored the danger of Western complacency at having weathered the storm of ideologies.

AFTER the effort to show the baselessness of ideological pretensions, and the discovery of the persistence of nationalist sentiment as a part of the love of liberty outside the Western world, the conference went on to examine the impact of extremist ideologies on the working of democratic institutions. The paper by Professor Seymour Lipset of Columbia University, which touched in an imaginative way on the dangers to political democracy of lower-class fundamentalism and authoritarianism, and which raised the question of "McCarthyism" without the usual stereotypes, aroused not a word of comment. It is not easy to explain why the complex of irrationalities which had so exercised European and American intellectuals until very recently should have been disregarded in this conference. Of the discussants only Mr. George Kennan referred to the loyalty-security excitement in American society when replying at a later session to Mr. Daniel Bell's gratified contemplation of American life. Likewise there was little anxiety about Communist infiltration. There was not a word of comment on Professor Arthur Schlesinger, Jun.'s paper on "Freedom and Subversion." Have the Communists come to appear so preposterous to our Western intellectuals that it is no longer conceivable that they could be effectively subversive? Is it now thought that there is no longer any danger of the working classes in the advanced Western countries falling for their propaganda?

On the other hand, Mr. Crossman's bashing offensive to vindicate the good judgment of the masses in questions of foreign policy found little support and much dissent. This paper, which dominated the discussion, called forth no echoes of the older criticisms of democracy based on the incompetence of

the public; Mr. Denis Healey, Mr. Max Beloff, and Mr. Stuart Hampshire were less sanguine about the capacity of the masses to understand the complex problems of foreign policy, but they did not at the same time speak ill of the ordinary man. He was not criticised for irrationality, savagery, etc. In short, the working and the lower middle classes have ceased to be the objects of ideological passions. The thesis of Walter Lippman from which Mr. Crossman took his point of departure, namely a belief in a higher law, found no support, either. The fact that the whole morning's discussion, which was one of the most energetic, drew on none of the older lines of argument about the effectiveness of democracy might be regarded as evidence that the British scholars who held the floor most of the time know little or nothing of Michels, Wallas, Ostrogorski, Weber, Tocqueville, or that the emancipation from ideology has gone so far that the inherited objects of enthusiasm in the debate about the inner stability of democracy have lost their meaning to the best minds in the contemporary intellectual classes.

This view of the situation is reinforced by the meeting in the afternoon of the same day when the influence of the mass media and the rise of totalitarianism were discussed under the amiable chairmanship of Professor Galbraith. The views of Ortega y Gasset, Lederer, and all the quasi-aristocratic critics of the culture of the masses and of the danger which they were alleged to offer to free institutions, in consequence of apathy, ignorance, vulgarity, bestiality, frivolousness, might have expected a favourable hearing here. On the contrary, the masses were exculpated by Mr. Bell and their highbrow critics rebuffed. In a brilliant paper in the following day's session on "The Resilience of Liberty," Mr. Manès Sperber accepted with only a little regret the unideological character of the ordinary man's outlook, even though he was fully aware that indifference towards public events reduced the effectiveness of democratic institutions, and provides no bulwark against the emergence of tyranny—although once a tyranny exists it provides a limit to the expansive powers of the tyrannical authority. Only Mr. Czeslaw Milosz in his charming paper on "Belinsky and the Unicorn" was unsparing in his ideologist's criticism of the

refusal of the ordinary man to live on the heroic heights of historical grandeur.

The fact that in this great assembly of intellectuals only Messrs. Kennan and Milosz took shots at the private life and trivial culture of the ordinary citizen showed how far we have moved from the ideology-ridden period when the simple philistine was exhorted to renounce his drab routine for life on the peaks, or when he was denounced for failing to do so and when the working man had a heroic ideology attributed to him.

The narrowing of the gap which separates most of the friends of freedom was apparent also on the session on Saturday, when Professor Sidney Hook, steeped in Deweyan instrumentalism, took the lead in conceding the importance of a traditional framework of thought and sentiment for the maintenance of liberal democratic institutions.

THE Milan Conference showed us how much we still have to do. For decades the proponents of freedom have been struggling against National Socialism, Fascism, and Bolshevism, on the battlefield, in the legislative chamber, and in the study. Now in America, Great Britain, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries, and to a lesser extent in Italy and France, as well as in the international arena, we have achieved some success. The work of subversion has been confined in Europe and America, or demolished. There is a standstill of an enigmatic sort in the relations of the West and the Soviet Union, and Marxism, like National Socialism and Fascism before it, has lost its appeal to the intellectuals. We no longer feel the need for a comprehensive explicit system of beliefs. We have seen not only the substantive errors of totalitarianism and extremist enthusiasm, but we have also seen the wrongfulness of the type of ideological orientation which once constituted its attraction.

There is, however, more to life, and especially intellectual life, than the detection and refutation of error. There are great tasks to be undertaken amidst the ruins of the ideologies. We must reconstruct our beliefs without yielding to the temptation—which can never die out completely among intellectuals—to construct new ideologies, as rigid, as eager for consistency and for universal observance as those which have been now

transcended. The avoidance of the temptation to build a new ideology is a negative achievement, too.

The positive standards of action inherent in our present attachment to moderation in action and orderliness and stability in change have to be more clearly discerned. To get rid of heroism as a universal rule of action and to replace it by unqualified and unmeasured philistinism will not do. To get rid of rebelliousness and antinomianism and to replace it by an uncritical acceptance of tradition will not do. To get rid of the tyranny of the highbrow and to replace it by popular vulgarity will not do. If we undo every one of our older errors by running as far as we can in the opposite direction, we shall only rehabilitate the need for ideology; it will creep in through the back door, or more particularly, through a rebellious younger generation. The belief that our traditional ideals have now been exhausted because of their complete fulfilment must be avoided as much as the conviction that our virtue consists in our rejection of whatever exists. We must rediscover the permanently valid element in our historical ideals—elements which must be recurrently realised without ever being definitively realisable, once and for all.

In our rejection of the ideologies we must study what can be salvaged from them, and what in them should be kept alive, how and in what measure grandiose visions and austere standards have their place. Every society needs a certain amount of these ideals just as it would be ruined by too much of them.

There is another task which Milan has imposed with great force. We must no longer think only for European or American society. Our theories of liberty, of the relation between religion and progress, tradition and intellectual independence, must be thought out and formulated in such a way that they will do justice to the situations of the new countries of Asia and Africa and South America.

It is too early to say yet just how to go about these tasks of helping the growth of a fruitful liberty in the Asiatic and African and South American countries. A few things are, however, very clear: having recently freed ourselves from ideological radicalism, we must not be affronted to see it among our Asiatic and African friends who learned it

in our own universities in the West; still ourselves penetrated by strong national identifications, we must not be repelled by the greater national sensitivities of the members of nations which have only recently become states. Condescension, resentment against resentment, the insistence on gratitude will avail us nothing. It will only narrow our own minds, render our own thought less fruitful than it might be, and obstruct the growth of freedom in those countries. Even if Milan had not stirred our thoughts into the direction in which they should go in the better understanding and reinforcement of our own liberties, it would have justified itself by its reminder, not always very pleasant, of the problems of maintaining and developing free societies outside the West. Mr. A. D. Gorwala, a great Indian civil servant, tireless in his own country on behalf of reason and freedom, and in Milan a powerfully impressive example of Roman dignity of bearing, reminded the conference on the last day that

"the contradictions of the free world would indeed sustain its enemies even more than their own strength. Its many units hardly seem to realise their essential unity, and make ancestral memories more potent guides to action than present needs. The strong and the weak nations, the old and the new, alike allow themselves to be affected in varying degrees in this fashion. Some of the strong have not yet grasped at all, some have grasped only in part, and only one seems to have even approached full understanding of Abraham Lincoln's magnificent saying: 'As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master.' Slaves they will not be, but they seem not to have much compunction about remaining masters. Whence flows all that disruption of the human spirit, that stream of ill-will and anger that is connotated by the word 'colonialism'. . . The people (of Asia and Africa) make clear by their attitudes, and when possible, by their words and actions, that in their view, government by others, even if good, is no substitute for self-government. The time for gratefulness may be later, when foreign domination has ended and the good that it did lives after it.

Professor Michael Polanyi who, with Professors Aron and Hook, and M. Nabokov, conceived the conference and guided it, expressed the new sensitivity of many

Westerners. In the final session of the conference, he sought, with his customary grace, to acknowledge this new sense of the necessity of thinking of the problems of liberty in a more universal perspective. He said:

"The project of this conference was first mooted about two years ago and I can still clearly remember what we then hoped it would achieve. . . . I confess that after this meeting I can hardly recognise myself as the person who entertained these prospects. For I took it for granted at the time that the decisive problems of our age were those raised in Europe by Europeans. That we had only to resist victoriously and finally to overcome the explosive forces of Moscow's Leninism, to regain the peaceful leadership of the world which had temporarily slipped from our hands.

"But the interventions made at this meeting by Asiatic, African, and South American delegates have made me realise that this perspective was altogether distorted. The proud people of the ancient lands who are now coming into their own in Asia and Africa, are not awaiting the decision of our European conflicts. They have started their political life as independent nations on premises of their own for which there is no precedent in Europe. We shall not begin to understand them until we accept the fact that in these new nations, born of the most ancient soil of the human race, we are facing our partners in the shaping of man's destiny on this planet. They are, of course, equal partners already by virtue of their statehood in the counsels of the United Nations. But their interventions at this Congress have revealed the power of their political thought, which on a number of occasions has commanded not merely intellectual appreciation, but the respect due to true greatness of mind.

"I confess that it was for the first time that the exhilarating perspective was opened up to me of this immense area of new companionship. Yet for all that, this encounter has brought us new cares. We were brought up against the poverty of the areas held by the new Asiatic and African nations, and the instability of their public life. And having pondered these immense problems, the conference could do little more than pass on in silence. The only result was to give us a new sense of proportion, in which our European conflicts could be seen as a fragment, rather than as a whole of the contemporary scene."

Edward Shils

"Comrade Prince"

A LONG-STANDING friend of Dmitri Mirsky (it is hardly kind to his memory to refer to him as "Prince," let alone "Comrade Prince"), I was both fascinated and moved—in more than one way—by Mr. Edmund Wilson's account of him in the July ENCOUNTER. (I was, of course, responsible for the English version of his *Intelligentsia of Great Britain*.) Though at times neither the camera nor the man behind it seemed to have any inkling of the workings of the mind of "Dim," on the other hand they do give us a number of shots of striking verisimilitude, for which we have to be grateful.

There are, however, not unimportant points regarding which from my own more special knowledge I feel I should say something.

1. Quoting Dim (by which name his intimates knew him) as remarking that the speeches of God the Father in Milton were "an awful bore," Mr. Wilson goes on to conclude that this view was subsequent to acceptance of the Marxist outlook. Oh no! I remember Dim, back in his pre-Marxist days, discussing the English poets with me—he was trying to persuade me to write a history of English poetry—and complaining of the vast aridities of Milton. (In which I concurred, my own boredom too preceding my first acquaintance with Marxism by very many years.) If Mr. Wilson wishes to be teleological in his interpretation, it would be truer to say that it was such "*kanitel*" as Milton's epic (*kanitel* is a Russian word which means miserably and naggingly boring) that helped to make a Marxist of him.

2. To use a favourite saying of Dim's—I well recall him levelling it at myself—Mr. Wilson is far too often inclined to *seek midi à quatorze heures*. For instance, he simply cannot allow "Marxist" Dim any normal, humdrum thoughts, such as that his Moscow (the capital city) will not necessarily put on Leningrad's plays—much as London would not necessarily follow Manchester. Nor will Mr. Wilson even allow him his never-dying delight in leg-pulls.

3. Mr. Wilson suggests some profound contradiction between Dim's thinking Mr. Eliot a great poet, and "The Waste Land" a document on the decadence of capitalist society. What on earth can it be? The picture of decay in "The

Waste Land" was certainly one of the many arguments which made Dim a Marxist, but recognition of what a poem says should not lessen one's admiration of its technical qualities. To do so would indeed be to allow Marxism to warp one's judgment, incidentally; it prevents one's thinking, as Dim did, that Belinski said sensible things in shockingly vulgar prose.

4. Mr. Wilson recognises that in fact Dim thoroughly enjoyed his trip to Central Asia. Yet he cannot resist suggesting that he was sent there as a punishment. But this was a trip towards which Dim was looking forward while still in London, and he was, of course, very glad to have made it; I remember him writing to me on his return to Moscow to that effect.

There remains one other matter, and this, I regret to say, is of extreme gravity to many who knew him intimately: Dim's end. For all my grave doubts that he may have fallen a victim to Stalin's terrorisation of the country into absolute subservience, I must protest with all the vigour I can that the letter about him allegedly from a Russian displaced person in Europe which you print in translation simply does not ring true. It is almost certainly a rather clumsy fake, and one cannot help feeling sorry that it should have been published so uncritically. Dim is almost certainly no longer living, but no good is done, merely much pain caused, by the publication of unverifiable yarns of this sort.

ALEC BROWN

Stubhampton Gate
Tarrant Gunville
Blandford, Dorset

[Mr. Wilson replies:

In answer to Mr. Brown's letter, I can only submit, as counter-evidence, the following passages from letters written me by a Russian friend of Mirsky's—Mrs. Vera Traill, of 3 Drayton Gardens, London—which she has given me permission to quote:

"I found it quite amazing that somebody who knew Dim very little (as you say you did) could speak of him with such penetration. I knew him most of my adult life, he was my very closest friend, and there is nothing I could add to what you say, and nothing I can disagree with. . . .

"I arrived in Moscow in August 1936 and

saw Dim nearly every day. He was arrested in the very first days of June 1937 (I think it was on the 3rd). He had never been arrested before—though he might have been through some kind of interrogation—I cannot vouch for that. We took such things in our stride, in those days. We almost believed, almost honestly, that these were the minor troublesome manifestations of a magnificent spirit of vigilance. I am saying this to excuse myself for not remembering. But the actual arrest, the first and the last, was in June 1937. . . .

"About T. S. Eliot—Dim loved him and his poetry, and of course there was a contradiction—it was part of the conflict that was choking him all the last years of his life, between what he loved and what he thought he ought to love.

"As for the last part, the terrifying letter from the D.P., I see no reason, alas, to say that it is a fake. I even disagree with your footnote. I can quite hear Dim saying that of Gorky. Dim was often unfair—we all know that. And also if you are a rebel and a martyr, you expect other men, when you consider them good men, to be rebels and martyrs as well. And that, at the end of his life, Gorky was not."]

Fei Hsiao-tung

IN YOUR August number, Mr. Wittfogel admits he was wrong in the "rumour" he promulgated about the sociologist Fei Hsiao-tung, but evidently feels it doesn't matter being wrong. His answer is in effect: "Fei has been muzzled, anyhow; his Government may be presumed not to let him criticise it, so he is fair game; and if he isn't tortured by remorse he ought to be." I agree that it is a pity when an informed person cannot contribute to a public debate, also when a scholar after becoming an official is put to do work off his main line—even when it is important work, and nearly on his main line. But both things happen very often on this side of the Curtain. I doubt if Government officials anywhere are allowed to print articles criticising the policy of their superiors; and in this country it usually isn't considered decent to jeer at a Civil Servant for not answering when his position requires him not to answer. Probably a large proportion of your readers have signed contracts like that in their time, as I have myself; and it did not make me feel tortured by remorse, as Mr. Wittfogel presumes that Fei does.

Whether these things work out much worse under Chinese Communism is an interesting question. We naturally feel that the lack of ventilation, of critics who aren't officials, is bound to have bad effects; but there can be a good deal of ventilation, through a series of committees, without reaching public print. I can guess as

much as Mr. Wittfogel though I do not find the picture so scandalous. I remember Fei feeling bothered, not long after the take-over, because his estimate of some statistic wasn't accepted; and I daresay it was a relief for him to be put in charge of tribal minority work, where his views were fully agreed to. He is a conscientious man, with the temperament to take a committee disagreement hard. Even so, his grumble sounded very like official committees at home, and very unlike 1984. And, come now: considering the pace at which different groups have been visiting China from this country, there must be about forty competent persons here who have seen Fei recently and could tell us about him. The Americans are not allowed to visit him, owing to the folly of their Government, and they make up bad-tempered stories instead. Why should you whistle up Americans to tell us about him, the one group of people who can't know?

An article on "The American Dilemma Over China," in the same number, says that the Peking Government illegally confiscated American consular property, and this was a reason why the Americans became angry. The phrase may be true about incidents elsewhere in China but distracts attention from what happened at Peking. The American Government broke off diplomatic relations because of a demand to return the "military barrack" area of the American compound in the Legation Quarter; similar demands were made to all other countries that had such an area, and all others returned them at once. These relics of the past had always been insulting however necessary and now, on the return of the capital to Peking, stood out as absurd. The American State Department people on the spot, who were muzzled of course, thought this a very bad choice of talking-point for breaking off relations. As a whole the State Department officials inside China had a good record; while earnestly anti-Communist, they were reasonable and very well informed; and it was startling for the Western European diplomats, later on, to find that practically all these men had to "retire." It made American diplomats look like Russian ones; both may be sacked quite unjustly at any moment, so you can't talk to them seriously. I understand that American mothers have got this point clear too, so that the old high standard can no longer be recruited.

WILLIAM EMPSON

London, N.W.3.

[For a critic who is distinguished for his analysis of other men's ambiguities, Mr. Empson seems peculiarly insensitive to his own. After having asserted, in a previous letter, that Fei is happy as a Communist functionary, he now

states that, because he is a functionary, Fei is in no position to say whether he is happy or not. We do not see how he can have it both ways.

The first sentence of Mr. Empson's letter is inaccurate. Mr. Wittfogel did *not* admit that he was wrong about Fei Hsiao-tung. What Mr. Wittfogel did say was that "perhaps" his critics were right in asserting that Fei was content under the Communist régime—but that, in view of Fei's past anti-Communist opinions, and in further view of the absence of free speech in China (admitted by Mr. Empson), the assumption that Fei is not content is "reasonable and legitimate."

Mr. Empson's erudite discourse on American consular property in Peking serves only to bewilder us. He seems to have been provoked to it by a passing reference in Mr. O. H. Brandon's article. We quote that reference in its full context: "Events in China meanwhile further aroused the sense of danger among Americans. Mao Tse-tung concluded the Sino-Soviet treaty and the Peking Government illegally confiscated American consular property and mistreated American consular officials. The fires of hatred were astir among Americans. It incensed them that the Government was powerless to do anything drastic in the face of these humiliations." For Mr. Empson, all this only "distracts attention from what happened in Peking." So far as we can see, it is his remarks about Peking (which we regret we cannot accept as the last word on the subject) that serve as a distraction from what he calls "incidents elsewhere in China."

We are puzzled, too, by Mr. Empson's repeated statement that the American Government "broke off diplomatic relations" because of the Peking incident. We have always been under the impression that diplomatic relations between the U.S. and Communist China never existed. —Ed.]

The English Aristocracy

A FEW days after the appearance of your September issue, I had lunch with a literary agent. As I was her guest, she offered me an *apéritif* before lunch—or should I say *luncheon*? I raised my glass and she raised hers; we looked at each other and our lips were already moving when, in the last tenth of a second, both of us managed to suppress the fatal word. Whereupon we looked absentmindedly into space and then emptied our glasses as though we had never heard of the embarrassing monosyllable. Later my hostess spoke of a client who had made a lot of money and was now really a w . . . w . . . rich man. Later my hostess's husband joined us and I heard

him ask a waiter where the toilet . . . toilet . . . the lavatory was.

All this, needless to say, was Miss Nancy Mitford's fault. As soon as I had read her delightful and witty piece on the English Aristocracy, I checked up on myself. I was fairly U, I decided, and notwithstanding my foreign accent people might easily take me for a peer of the realm. Words like *greens*, *mental*, *dentures* never existed in my vocabulary. People, as far as I was concerned, were *sick* and *rich* and never *ill* and *wealthy*. Now and then I may visit a lavatory but I have never seen the inside of a toilet.

True, two dangerous mistakes may on certain occasions have given away my non-aristocratic origin. I used to ask sometimes for *note-paper* instead of *writing paper*—but I shall never do so again. I used to speak of a *serviette* instead of a *napkin* and, after a great deal of anxious reflection, I am not sure that I shall not go on doing so. The word *napkin*, however U it may be, always reminds me (to quote the COD) of a small towel *esp.* for nursery purposes. The third tell-tale word that may cause suspicion about my ducal origin is a borderline case. I would speak of *sweet*, it is true, but not in reference to pudding. I never eat puddings and when I say *sweet* I have fruit (stewed or raw) and cheese in mind. Is this excusable? Surely, as cheese is not sweet at all, it must be U to call it sweet.

Mr. Arthur Koestler's article on snobbery in the same issue—a somewhat related subject, one would have thought—made no similar impact on the behaviour of society. It never occurred to me, for example, to remove my old masters from the staircase. I just left them where they had been before. But thousands of people brushed up their vocabulary, weeded out *dentures*, *glasses* (for spectacles), *wire* (for telegram) and decided never to say "Cheers!" again. I was lucky enough to pick up some additional information from a friend whose father was an ambassador so he ought to know. I learned that *week-end* was definitely non-U for *Friday-Monday*. So no more week-ends for me, thank you.

And then, suddenly, my whole world collapsed. I met an old acquaintance of mine, admittedly not a duke or an earl but still one of our more U-ish barons. You can imagine my pained surprise bordering on indignation when he started talking of a *wealthy* industrialist, an *ill* uncle, and a *mental* aunt. To add insult to injury he asked me whether I would go and spend the next week-end at his house in the country.

It was this last encounter which prompts me to write to you, Sir. What is its deeper meaning? Am I to take it that our aristocracy is definitely non-U? Or does the thing cut deeper?

Do they feel themselves betrayed by Miss Mitford and did they conspire to prevent us, the lower orders, from learning in one single, easy lesson "How to be Landed Gentry?"

I hope I shall learn the answer. I am worried sick. (But not *ill*, please.)

GEORGE MIKES

24 St. John's Wood Court
London, N.W. 8

To Miss Nancy Mitford:

It is quite U, I see

To be "better than me."*

(* ENCOUNTER, Vol. V, No. 3, p. 10.)

LILIAN G. CLARK

18 Allington Court
London, S.W.1

SINCE reading the latest instalment of Mitford's *Modern English U-sage* in your September number, I regret to have to report the following lapses:

A duke: "I'd better send them a wire."

A marquess: "She always wears dark glasses indoors."

An earl: "Phone me when you get back."

A viscount (in a letter addressed "Salop"): "They're enormously wealthy—copper, I think."

A baron (responding to his companion—a non-U-nion man—*silently* raising his glass): "Cheers!"

Grolier, by the way, did not have an "s" in his name. And, finally, may I add that note-paper (a small single sheet for notes) and writing-paper (a folded sheet of four pages for letters) are quite distinct. The House of Lords and the older London clubs have preserved this distinc-

tion, at least since Horace Walpole's day, by supplying both kinds.

DOMINICK SALTEENA

19 Carlyle Mansions
London, S.W.3

I do realise that Miss Mitford was not indicating correct usage but merely what by custom was not used by a certain section of society. However, I would challenge the silence that greets "Cheers." There seems to be a compulsive neurosis that demands some ejaculation after accepting alcohol by almost everyone. On the few occasions I have been in the Guards Club, I would have said it was used freely—since the article it is still used (or seemed to be) but with some reference to Miss Mitford. I did notice, however, that one expression is not used by the U classes and that is to refer to people by their surname, e.g. U "I dined at the Smythes," non-U "I dined at Smiths"—I am interested in this as it was rather, I would have said, an indication of non-U.

I would be interested in an Editorial comment on this. If Miss Mitford says that "I dined at Smiths" is so obviously non-U that it was not worthy of comment, I can only reply that I have known U patients to use the expression to such an extent that I began to wonder if "I dined at the Smythes" was pretentious and therefore non-U! In fact, I am bewildered.

E. KENNEDY HOLLAND

200 Hermon Hill
London, E.18

[*Miss Nancy Mitford comments*:

I think Cheers! and so on perfectly dreadful whoever says it. As for dining at Smith's, I don't know because I've never heard anybody say it. If I did I should imagine they were referring to a restaurant—dining at Wheeler's. If you use the Christian name of somebody I suppose you could say dining at Bobby's—though it seems more natural to say dining with Bobby. (I always say *with* and not *at*, anyhow.)]

“La Trahison du Clark”

“But one can be critical without being discourteous, and render one’s readers a better service, in the long run, by being so.” (Colin Clark, “The Soviet Crisis,” in *ENCOUNTER*, August 1955). I take this as licence to proceed.

First consider Mr. Clark’s attitude to his colleagues:

It has worked like a charm. The attention of Western economists has been quietly and successfully diverted away from the awkward subjects, upon which information could have been available to them had they but looked for it. They have instead concentrated their attention on such statistical information as the Soviet Government chooses actively to publicise. The more highly qualified of them, who understand the Russian language and have the patience to plough through vast masses of paper, read the technical journals, and gather therefrom a certain harvest of information, nearly all relating to a limited sector of the economy, namely heavy industrial production.

And later:

But this must be a caricature, the reader will be saying. Surely leading Russian experts are not as gullible as all that. Unfortunately, they seem to be. The reader can test it for himself. Let him seek out, not a Communist or a “Party-liner,” who can be relied upon to give a blustering and evasive answer, but a “Russian expert,” who is supposed to be highly qualified in this field, and ask him the following simple questions:

(1) *What is the Russian population, and how rapidly is it increasing?*

(2) *What is the average Russian consumption per head of the principal foodstuffs, and how does it compare with that of thirty or forty years ago?*

(3) *What is the amount of housing space occupied by the average Russian family?*

Anyone who asks such questions of the “expert” will probably be received with a certain amount of irritation that he should be wasting time on such irrelevant matters. He will be told that the expert, doubtless for some good reason, does not happen to have the latest information on these subjects—but has he heard the latest information about the pro-

duction of sulphuric acid, on which an expert study has just been completed, proving how rapidly the Soviet economy is advancing?

All this is untrue. Take for instance the considerable effort in the three related fields of cost-of-living, money wages, and real incomes. It has been conducted in the teeth of extreme Soviet secrecy and not a little mendacity. It relies heavily on unofficial sources: in addition to travellers’ and diplomats’ reports, Miss Schulz and I were forced to use a captured concentration camp diet sheet. It has incurred, I need hardly add, the extreme displeasure of Western Communists.

Thus on the cost-of-living we have no less than six articles. Five of these may be listed in a footnote,* but the sixth is more interesting. For it is a “second-rate and uncritical” product of American “massive research”: another cost-of-living index, laboriously constructed, as the French one (with which it agrees), from scattered official and unofficial data. It is by Mrs. Chapman, *Review of Economics and Statistics*, May 1954, and I am perplexed to find that my complimentary copy of it is signed by the arch-dupe and sulphuric acid maniac, Abram Bergson, himself—can it be that he took an interest in the project? (6)

The level of money wages since the war has given “Russian experts” much trouble, owing to Soviet secrecy and deliberate attempts to mislead. The precise nature of the chicanery was exposed in the *Review of Economic Statistics*, 1947, and this made it possible for myself and Dr. Jasny, among many others, to give much lower estimates than those put out by the pro-Communist *Bulletin on Soviet Economic* (7)

* 1. A laboriously constructed cost-of-living index in *Etudes et Conjoncture* (Journal of the Institut National de la Statistique et des Etudes Economiques), April 1955; 2, 3. A purchasing power comparison between the ruble and the £ at a moment of time (Schulz and Wiles, *Bulletin of the Oxford Institute of Statistics*, Sept. 1952 and Sept. 1953); 4. A similar work for the franc (Delprat, *Economie et Humanisme*, May–June 1952); 5. A rather slighter American work than (1), on the cost-of-living index (Kravis and Mintzes, *Review of Economics and Statistics*, May 1950).

Development (Birmingham University, No. 6). A Soviet revelation now confirms our figures.* And who was it put us all on the right track in 1947? Professor Abram Bergson.

If we allow for taxes and social services we can divide money wages by the cost-of-living to obtain real incomes. The rapid decline of real incomes before the war, and their rapid and still continuing growth after the war, are lengthily demonstrated by:

- (6) Chapman op. cit.
- (10) Wiles op. cit.
- (12) Kaser, *Soviet Studies*, July 1955.

LET us now take Mr. Clark's three specific questions.

Housing. Of course we do not know the housing space occupied by the average family, since we have figures for neither families nor houses. So what do we do? Turn for relief to sulphuric acid? No, we write one book and three long articles giving the best available information!† Also, when we go to Russia, we try to collect statistics on this point, and on our return we publish—perhaps wrongly since it was founded on so little—an estimate: two-thirds of Moscow households live at a density of more than two persons per room.‡

Population. Like many other Russian experts I have an unpublished article in my drawer. It remains unpublished, of course, not because I am "irritated" at the "irrelevance" of the subject, but because data are too scanty to make it worth putting out. However, we all use estimates in a tentative way in our published work:§ they agree well enough that the population today is about 215 million, and the rate of increase about one and a half per cent per annum.

Food. Not known, but see the real income figures. These have implications for food consumption, which is, of course, one of the constituents of real income. There is plenty of work being done on agricultural production.

On pp. 48-9 of his article Mr. Clark shows some knowledge of precisely these data on housing and population. Where can he have got them from, if not from reading the books and articles he says we do not write? After all, he cannot have done the work independently: he is no specialist in this field and cannot read

* 8, 9, 10. Wiles, *Bulletin of the Oxford Institute of Statistics*, Sept. 1953, Jan. 1954, Nov. 1954; 11. N. Jasny, *The Soviet Price System*, pp. 22-30.

† 13. T. Sosnovy, *The Housing Problem in the Soviet Union*; 14. A. Blok, *Soviet Studies*, July 1951, Jan. 1952, Jan. 1954.

‡ Source 2.

§ 15. Compare especially Economic Commission for Europe, *Economic Survey of Europe in 1954*, pp. 65-7; also Wiles, source 10.

Russian. Fourteen out of the fifteen sources quoted above existed when he wrote; they would appear to refute both his general and his specific allegations.

Indeed one is compelled to ask, what is the psychology of this curious attack? It is in part the age-old conflict between the hunter and the tiller, the Centaur and the Lapith. Before the war Mr. Clark was almost the only expert in the whole field of national income and economic growth. As well as one man can, he blazed a trail for every country in the world, and particularly U.S.S.R.* This was the heroic period of exploration, and it was entirely his. All honour, then, to the frontiersman who returns, but he may not know his way up the road that has replaced his track. The forest in which he lived off berries is now a wheat field, and wheat must be threshed before it is eaten.

This comment must, however, be more than an exchange of bibliographical courtesies. Much more important is the criticism of Mr. Grossman's estimate of the rate of growth of the national income in comparable prices from 1928 to 1937 (in *Soviet Economic Growth*, edited Abram Bergson). It is attacked because:

In 1937, many goods were still produced in Russia at costs far in excess of their real value, judged by the prices at which they could be sold in the outside world. A distorted value still attached, therefore, to increases of production of such goods.

The reference is to engineering and metal goods, and the argument is that they have always, rightly or wrongly, had a higher value in terms of other goods if we take Soviet prices than if we take other prices: thus a Soviet tractor costs more bushels of Soviet wheat than a similar American or British tractor costs bushels of American or British wheat. But since the output of tractors in U.S.S.R. has increased much more than that of wheat, the Soviet pricing system gives an unreasonably large weight to its successes and an unreasonably low one to its failures.

It has been shown that such apparently trivial technical points can make very big differences to estimates of growth; and certainly the use of Soviet 1928 prices boosts the rate of growth, because undoubtedly in that year metal and engineering products were high-priced relatively to other goods—and, to repeat, it is these products that have expanded fastest. Such price relations always obtain in pre-industrial economics, where, clearly, a tractor would be very expensive to make while a haircut need cost no more than anywhere else. So if they obtained also in 1937 it would be important for Mr.

* *Critique of Russian Statistics, 1939; Conditions of Economic Progress*, first ed., 1940.

Grossman's *pre-war* estimate (not his post-war one). But did they? There are all sorts of things wrong with the Soviet price system in any year, but was this particular thing wrong with it in 1937? It certainly was not.

The reason is this. In a country which is investing and rearming a very great deal, and producing almost no motor cars or bicycles, metal and engineering products go almost exclusively into investment, not consumption. The final products of the industry are tractors, nails, looms, lorries, steel frames for building, lifts in mine-shafts, guns, tanks, etc. Now by 1937 a huge system of subsidies and turnover taxes had been introduced, entirely unknown in 1928 and much greater than anything known to non-Communist countries. Consumer goods, metal or otherwise, paid an average tax net of subsidies of one hundred per cent: producer goods and armaments eight per cent. This revolution in the tax structure alone caused the vast majority of metal and engineering products prices to rise almost half as fast as other prices. Then in addition the actual production costs of these articles rose much less rapidly: for instance, machinery by sixty-seven per cent as opposed to one hundred and thirteen per cent for buildings and building materials (my calculation). So with both costs and taxes rising much less steeply the slight over-valuation of 1928* was, by 1937, turned into a gross under-valuation. 1928 prices are a *better* guide, therefore, than 1937 prices, so far as this matter of metal and engineering goes. In the table below the normal procedure is used of averaging the results obtained by using 1928 values, and those by using 1937 values, as weights.

ANOTHER statistical trap:

Inadequate account was taken of the course of affairs in agriculture. This applies particularly to the food produced by peasant families which they retain for their own use, now a heavily declining element in the Russian economy. Professor Bergson has not given adequate statistical weight to this decline.

This complaint at any rate may well be true. But it should be borne in mind that an exaggeration of net farm income in kind by twenty-five per cent makes an exaggeration of only four per cent in the national income. Moreover, a glance at Professor Bergson's calculation of this item† shows them to be perfectly honest, though

dreadfully hazardous. If Mr. Clark has a better calculation he has rendered signal service; but he must publish it.

On p. 46 the amazing statement is made that, if post-war productivity in the U.S.S.R. exceeds pre-war by a lower ratio than in Japan or Italy, the Soviet economy is less efficient than these. "It is true that Russia suffered great war devastation and disorganisation. But so did countries like Japan and Italy." In the Ukraine the *majority* of all dwelling-houses and factories were destroyed: where is the Japanese or Italian Ukraine? Soviet war deaths are accepted as 17 million by Mr. Clark himself, or eight and a half per cent of the total population; for males in the prime of life, the chief producers, losses might well be twenty per cent. Certainly the vast majority of collective farm workers today are women, and cases have been reported of trains manned entirely by women. Is it seriously suggested that Japan or Italy were ever in this state? Again, the U.S.S.R. has kept millions under arms and devoted huge resources to munitions, while Japan and Italy were disarmed and free to grow. Only one country, Germany, can bear comparison with the U.S.S.R. for war damage. Mr. Clark avoids this comparison.

It is crystal clear that growth rates from 1938 to 1953 may not be compared between any two countries engaged in the late war, so differently did the belligerents suffer. It is very dangerous to judge relative efficiency by growth rates even in peacetime. For instance, the U.S.S.R. gains by exploiting her satellites while she loses through rearmament and the subsidisation of China; whereas the U.S.A. receives tribute from no one but subsidises foreigners on a more generous scale, while spending a smaller proportion of her income on rearmament, etc. These pitfalls are hazardous enough, without plunging into the statistical chasm of the Second World War.

It follows that the main disagreement between Mr. Clark and his colleagues is and ought to be about the Soviet rate of growth in peacetime. What has he to say on this? Before the war, his only valid point is that we may have underestimated the decline of net farm income in kind. But we have seen that the difference is very small if we have. After the war he rightly complains that Mr. Grossman should not have deduced a rate of growth from two years so close together as 1948 and 1950, and on the basis of such incomplete statistics. Happily it is no longer necessary to stop at 1950. Mr. Nove has fully calculated the national income in 1948 and 1953 (unpublished), and I show below the result of rendering into comparable prices both of Mr. Nove's estimates and the two pre-war estimates of Messrs. Bergson and Hoeffding. The indices used for other sections than consumption are

* Semi-fabricated metals were overvalued about twenty-four per cent in comparison with all other producers' goods, by the standard of U.S. and German prices (deduced from N. Jasny, *Soviet Prices of Producers' Goods*, p. 148).

† *Soviet National Income and Product in 1937*, pp. 105-7.

	Gross National Product (milliard current rubles)	Price Indices for 1937	Growth in comparable prices by 1937	Gross National Product (milliard current rubles)	Price Indices for 1953	Growth in comparable prices by 1953	
	1928 (Hoeffding)	1937 (Bergson)	(1928=100)	1948 (Nove)	1953	(1948=100)	
Consumption	22.60	183.5	705	536	581	62	175
Civil service, NKVD, edu- cation, health, etc.	2.42	34.8	431	136	163	115	104
Defence	0.76	17.5	280	66	109	100	165
Gross investment	6.79	56.1	189	151	225	114	141
Total	32.57	291.8	—	889	1078	—	—
Total, using base-year weights							156
Total, using given-year weights							148
Total, geometric mean of above							152

my own: their construction must be justified in another place.

According to accepted principles, take the implied "true" increases of eighty-four per cent in nine years and fifty-two per cent in five years. These imply rates of growth per annum (at compound interest, of course) of seven per cent pre-war and nine per cent post-war, or five and a half per cent and seven and a half per cent per head. These are very high rates indeed, and I tremble to see them printed. Let us say of them at least this, that they make it doubtful if Mr. Grossman underestimated when he put six per cent. Certainly when he wrote he had not available the rather detailed national income estimates and price indices used above, and his calculation was necessarily rougher than mine in consequence. I am also heartened by the estimates of Dr. Naum Jasny, a violently anti-Communist "Russian expert" whose work has always found favour with Mr. Clark: the rate of growth in 1948-50 was at least eight per cent per annum.*

Curiously enough I am also much heartened by Mr. Clark himself. He says, it will be remembered, that real product per man-hour grew between 1938 and 1953 at two per cent per annum. Now the Soviet Union entered the war in 1941 and, according to my calculations, re-established her pre-war level of production in 1948. So growth at normal rates, undiminished by war and unfavoured by post-war reconstruction, can be judged from the years 1938-40, 1949-53. Two per cent over the original fifteen years is really four per cent over these seven years. If Mr Clark is right, and post-war reconstruction lasted longer, we have to deal with less than seven years and more than four per cent.

Note that in all Mr. Clark's figures the national product is divided by the man-hours of work put in. In mine it is divided by the total population. In 1928-37 his growth should be far

below mine—as indeed it is. For in this period the principal cause of growth was the absorption of rural males and urban workers into industry, at the same or even a lower productivity than before; so that the proportion of effective workers to total population rose sharply. In the later period, however, when this effect was hardly present, his four per cent rate of growth is a very formidable figure indeed, though still lower than mine. One may well ask what all the sound and fury were about, in view of this result.

But Mr. Clark has three shots left to his locker: the pre-war success is due to the once-for-all absorption of surplus population, idle upon the land, into industry; it is always easier to grow rapidly from a small base than from a large one; and the post-war success is because war damage was being reconstructed, not new capacity being installed—and the former is a much easier task. Thus he would explain away the statistical fact if he had to grant it.

There is a kind of explanation that gives the whole case away: we have one here. All over the world there were and are surplus hands cluttering up the soil of under-developed countries, who could be put to good use in a factory—if someone built the factory. Yet where outside the Communist countries is there the will or the ability to put up the factories so quickly, or to give these displaced peasants the minimum training required? The absorption of under-employed rural labour into industry was indeed the main cause of Soviet growth before the war; but it was just in this very rapid rate of absorption that the Soviet economy showed itself efficient at that time! It is as if Mr. Clark were arguing that Shakespeare wasn't really a very good author because he had great natural gifts.

The fact is that pre-war Soviet growth far surpasses the growth of under-developed countries in similar positions. When its industrial base was small it outstripped other countries

* *Social Research*, p. 38. Spring 1954.

whose bases were small. Now its base is big it outstrips the countries whose bases are big.

The post-war reconstruction argument is no better, though in a different way. "During the years 1948-50, and indeed for some years afterwards, the Russian economy was still very much in the recovery phase." Yet by 1948 the national income in comparable prices slightly exceeded that of 1940, the last pre-war year, though for a slightly larger population. Some branches were below, some above, the 1940 level. The plain meaning of the word recovery is getting back to where you were before; and post-war reconstruction means putting up what fell down during the war. Therefore 1948 is the last year of this phase. Moreover, when we say the rate of growth in 1948-53 was such-and-such we mean that on the *base* 1948 this growth took place during 1949, etc. up to and including 1953. We do not, clearly, refer to growth during 1948.

I CONCLUDE that Soviet economic growth is more rapid than that of free countries, and that this is due not to luck but to efficiency, albeit confined to the field of manufacturing industry; a conclusion pregnant with consequences for the foreign and domestic policies of free countries.

The consensus of the experts *may* be wrong.

It would, as always, be morally very satisfying if it were so. The experts have in any case, if the writer may say so, grave faults. They economise in a political vacuum—a bad practice at any time and a vicious one when dealing with Communism. Some of them still trail clouds of the thirties behind them: they neglect or underestimate the rôle of forced labour, they mince their words about collectivisation, they find it hard to shake themselves free of that craven slogan, *pas d'ennemis à gauche* (or should it be *pas d'amis à droite*?). Some are Russian émigrés and suffer from what may be called umbilical cord trouble—they cannot forget their Russian patriotism. But this all comes out much more clearly in their personal opinions and conversation than in their work. Communists and fellow-travellers apart—and it was not of these that Mr. Clark wrote—I do not find in the statistical work of Russian experts dishonesty or naïveté above the ordinary academic level. If Mr. Clark thinks he does he must set about proving it seriously, showing his workings in detail in a learned journal, after a proportionate expenditure of thought and effort.

PETER WILES

*New College
Oxford*

Art and Marxism

THERE are few stretches of modern writing so uniformly unrewarding as those interminable essays, editorials, reflections, open letters, symposia, which under such titles as "Society and the Rôle of the Artist," "The Artist and his Position in Society," "Society and the Arts," "Art and Society" are to be found two-a-penny in every fashionable intellectual review. For their profound tediousness there are doubtless many reasons, but the most important is the ambiguity of the subject. Under these simple and bold titles there lurk several quite distinct though related problems. There is, first, the æsthetic problem: What attitude, if any, should the artist in his art adopt towards the social conditions of his day? Then there is the historical problem: what connection there is, if any, between the social conditions of a particular period and the kind of art it produces? And then there is the social or political problem: What special demands, if any, can society rightly make of the artist? No one who is unready first to settle down and distinguish between these problems is likely to go far when he sets out to solve them.

It was Marx's peculiar achievement that—as this new anthology* makes abundantly clear—he contrived to give firm and simple answers to all these three questions. The work of art should be a true mirror to the conditions of its age, neither embellishing nor distorting them, but showing them as they are: the relation between the social conditions of an age and its art consists in a

causal connection holding between the economic factors and the forms of art: and the rôle that can legitimately be expected of the artist in society is to further the cause of the progressive elements. And these answers which Marx gave are not merely firm and simple in themselves but together form a clear, coherent picture of artistic activity: a picture which in its turn gains point from being only a detail of an enormous panoramic composition illustrating the whole of human life in society, of vast complexity of conception but held together by an overall unity of tone and light.

M. Freville is a conscientious editor. For him nothing is too slight, too peripheral, too "occasional" to merit inclusion. The resultant anthology, nearly three hundred pages of extracts varying from six pages to a sentence in length, is a monstrosity, but one that is at the same time immensely rewarding as a guide to the true understanding of Marx's thought and character. For here in these minor writings, in these *obiter dicta*, the incredible concentration and unity of everything that Marx thought and felt is so much more remarkable, because so much more oppressive, than in his central works. One cannot, I am sure, arrive at the *vraie vérité* about Marx as long as one continues to consider him primarily as an economist, or as a historian, or as a sociologist, or as a philosopher, or as a political prophet, or as a revolutionary agitator, rather than as one of the great visionaries, one of the great imaginative geniuses of all time. Marx looked out on the world, and saw men as inspired by other motives, society as held together by other links, history as leading to other ends, actions as justified by other standards than any that had received the acceptance of man. And this vision he entertained so passionately, recorded

* *Karl Marx et Friedrich Engels: Sur la littérature et l'art.* Textes Choisis, précédés d'une Introduction de MAURICE THOREZ et d'une étude de JEAN FREVILLE. Éditions Sociales, Paris. 700 francs.

so vividly that he managed to bestow it on the world. He added, one might say, a new lens to the optical equipment of the human mind. In the study of society, Marx is the counterpart of Wordsworth rather than of Linnaeus. Once we accept this, then many of the questions that are raised about Marx—such as that of the originality of his thought—lose some of their importance. For people might previously have known all that Marx told them: the point is that until he did so, they did not *see* it as he saw it.

ONE reason why such an interpretation of Marx might be rejected by some, or at least regarded as specious, is that there is a tendency on the part of criticism to draw an absurdly sharp line between works of art and works of thought. Efficacy, or the power to move, is regarded as in place in literature and out of place in speculation. This view is absurd. For nowhere, except perhaps in certain reaches of the exact sciences, does a writer content himself with merely having stated the truth: he will always want to place it, to set it in such a way that his readers will *see* that it is true. The mere fact that he writes, that he resorts to language at all, shows that he seeks more than the conquest of fact, he seeks the conquest of mind. Books are one of those innumerable causal chains that link person to person: it must be a mistake to consider them exclusively as *effects*, as the results, that is, of thought and feeling, and never as *causes*, as vehicles of persuasion.

Of course the interpretation I suggest would be totally unacceptable to any Marxist. For to his followers Marx is supremely the great “scientist” of society, a man to be admired and reckoned with not just for the sustained originality of his vision but for the careful, penetrating, accurate gaze with which he saw everything precisely as it is. The subtlety, the judiciousness of Marx’s thought are held in high esteem by all true Marxists, and to be insensitive to these qualities is the sure sign of a “Vulgar” Marxist. M. Freville is no exception to this habit. He warns us in several places against “*une simplification du Marxisme*”:

“*Le sectarisme,*” he writes, “*au nom de la pureté doctrinale, se fige dans des attitudes rigides, s’enferme dans des formules étroites, promulgue des canons et des normes, cultive*

l’esprit de chapelle, fait table rase du passé, rétrécit le présent, fausse les perspectives d’avenir. . . . Il substitue l’apologétique à l’analyse, le désir à la réalité, le schéma à la vie.”

When we turn though from such general fulminations to look for the actual offences of sectarianism, we are hard put to find them. M. Freville, for instance, warns us against “vulgar” interpretations of the Marxist theory of social determination. We must not overlook any of “*les médiations et les formes intermédiaires.*” But, surely, either these factors are not relevant to the production of artistic forms—in which case we can overlook them with impunity: or they are relevant—in which case the original theory by omitting them proves inadequate. And when we go back, behind this, to the original statements of Marx and Engels, it is still not clear how any literal interpretation or application of the theory traduces it. What are the reservations, the qualifications that it omits? Marx and Engels, it is true, scatter throughout their expositions expressions such as “in the last resort,” “ultimately,” “in the last analysis.” But surely these are not qualifications of the theory. Either they are testimonials to its profundity, to its authors’ power of stripping away the veil of appearance and penetrating to Reality: or they are admissions of possible error, sudden interjections equivalent to “—but perhaps it’s all wrong.” In neither case are they reservations. At no moment does the essential unreasonableness of Marx’s mind emerge so clearly as when he tries to be reasonable: he was a man so little inclined by nature to make reservations that he did not know what a reservation was. I cannot myself see that the vulgarity of Vulgar Marxists consists in anything but taking Marx quite seriously.

MARX’S views about art and society are not only firm and simple: they are also false. But we need to be sure that we know why. His theory of the social determination of the arts is unacceptable because with a large stock of available facts no one has yet managed to produce any convincing correlations between kinds of society and forms of art. Marx’s theory of the rôle of the artist in society is unacceptable because it offends against deeply held views about the

freedom of the artist: views that scarcely any reasonable person seems prepared to reject in theory even if he is ready to frustrate them in practice. And his belief in realism as the only true principle of art is unacceptable because it depends on a "closed" conception of the nature of art.

I want to dwell on this last point. Kant spoke of works of art as being "exemplary" (*exemplarisch*). And this is true in perhaps a profounder sense than he had in mind. For works of art teach us what art is. And this, in the nature of the case, is a lesson that never is, never can be complete. For learning what art is, is not like a lesson in natural history: like learning what an armadillo is, or a giraffe. For these creatures are defined in terms of certain natural properties which can be exhaustively enumerated. A work of art, though, is whatever we are prepared to accept as a work of art, whatever we are ready to see in certain ways, to judge by certain criteria, whatever credibly presents itself to us as the expression or projection of human temperament. And there is, as far as I can see, no way in which we can say *a priori* that such objects must have these properties, or those, and none other. Experience here is our only guide. And it teaches not by precept but by example. It never tells us categorically what must be done, it shows us encouragingly what can be done.

For this reason there can be no exhaustive loyalties in art. We may like one kind of art better than any other, but to deny the possibility of salvation outside it is to misunderstand the nature of art. And lest this argument seem too abstract, we need only turn to history and see how human powers of communication and expression have, at certain crucial moments, been suddenly and quite unexpectedly increased. Think of Masaccio after the Trecento, Donne after the Elizabethans, Caravaggio after Mannerism, Baudelaire after the Romantics, Cézanne after the Impressionists, Kafka after the naturalistic novelists. And note that if someone presented with these cases has, after long effort, ears or eyes only for the earlier form, and is deaf or blind to the later, then we begin to lose faith even in his limited appreciation. There is nothing untoward in someone liking peaches and sweet wine and lobster, and loathing escargots and Rocquefort and brandy. But there is, I suggest, some-

thing suspect in someone enthusing over Botticelli and Pope and Renoir and seeing nothing in Piero and Milton and Seurat.

OF COURSE an unempirical approach to art is not confined to Marxist critics. To see this in full evidence we have only to turn to almost any discussion of what is after all one of the most interesting æsthetic problems of our age: the incorporation of a political or social message into works of art. Most critics in dealing with this problem fall back on a set of general principles. And they do so not simply out of cowardice. On the contrary, they are often under the illusion that they are being superior, that they are proving their case. And of course they are not. They are not because no general æsthetic principle can possibly command the same authority as the actual experiences and sensations that we have in reading or looking at or listening to particular works of art: and therefore cannot legitimately, in open competition overrule them. So in this particular case any serious discussion must start with the actual given facts: that, say, the fusion of art and politics has enhanced and enriched the painting of Picasso and Guttuso, while it has reduced to barren schematisation the political novels of Orwell and Koestler. Then it must ask why this is so. Is it, for instance, because the dramatic content of Communism can be more easily assimilated in a work of art? Or is it, again, that those who are less squeamish about what they do, do it better? In criticism, progress is made step by step: consideration of particular case after particular case.

And again it must be admitted that there is also to be found in Marx's æsthetic thought the seeds of a corrective to his *a priorism*. For though it is true that subscription to a theory about the genesis of art, and choice of norms or criteria of artistic values are independent one of another, there is this external connection between them: that those who insist on seeing art out of all context, divorced from all other facts, unrelated to the intentions that give rise to it, to the circumstances that shape it, find it a comparatively easy and plausible matter to construct highly general principles or canons. The fashionable writers on æsthetics of today—Malraux and Eliot and Mrs. Langer and the New Critics—share such a vision: divergent though their views are in

many ways, they are at one in stressing “the autonomy of art.” To turn from them to Marx is a refreshing experience. For dogmatist though he was at heart, narrow though his conception was of the context of art, by gesturing in the direction of these other factors he provided the best antidote to his own dogmatism.

M. Freville is preparing, he tells us, a companion volume of the æsthetic writings of Lenin and Stalin. It is a small though very revealing difference between two ways of life, theirs and ours, that we are not expected to take seriously the late Lord Baldwin’s effusions on literature or Sir Winston Churchill’s reflections on painting.

Richard Wollheim

“A GERMAN GALSWORTHY”?

OBITUARIES in *The Times* often present to us, with a bland precision, that semi-official judgment of dead writers which has been collectively but vaguely held by the English literary world for many years before. When Thomas Mann died three months ago his obituarist deftly summarised the patronising estimate of that novelist which is fashionable in England. Mann was discovered to be turgid, repetitive, dull and, most deplorable of all, Germanic. The phrase “a German Galsworthy” was quoted with approval, and the general impression was of a writer who had once been important but who was now unreadable. And this expresses, in its own way, the fact that Mann has never been part of the accepted highbrow canon in this country. Gide, Proust, Joyce, Kafka, Faulkner, Virginia Woolf, Lawrence, Sartre, Mauriac . . . they make, heaven knows, a heterogeneous list enough, but all these names swing easily into line and trip off the tongue like a spell. They are members of the pantheon: they, in our current estimation, are the great novelists of the 20th century. To add the name of Mann would be a minor act of defiance.

This is not to say that Thomas Mann has been neglected in his lifetime. In America and Germany he has probably been written about more widely and more thoroughly than has any other novelist of our time. But in England and France his admirers have always been something of a sect, a scattered community and a strangely inarticulate one. The dominant view has been that of *The Times* obituarist.

It seems to me that there are two obvious reasons for this. In the first place Mann was a German and it is not our view that Germans can write novels—symphonies, yes; poetry, sometimes; but not novels. In the

second place Mann’s very public career was bad for his literary reputation at a time when Flaubert was, by and large, the culture-hero of the English literary man. It is true, of course, that Gide, Sartre, and Mauriac have had public careers as well, but these were public careers of a far more acceptable kind. Gide and Sartre were rebels of the left, while Mauriac has been an exciting reactionary. Thomas Mann, liberal, internationalist, humanitarian, a rather ponderous prophet, a constant dealer in the commonplaces of political decency, had little glamour for us in his public rôle. He was too like too many of our fathers and grandfathers. And when, towards the end of his life, he seemed to be indulging in a certain amount of fellow-travelling, had revolted against the America which he once extolled and would say nothing to disparage the régime in Eastern Germany, why, the time for that had passed. In his public pronouncements, of which there are whole volumes, he always seemed to be missing the bus in which we were travelling and carousing.

Someone else must discuss the value and percipience of Mann’s political views. I shall simply write, without space to say much of what I mean by it, that I regard Thomas Mann as the most fertilising novelist of this century. It is not proper, or very meaningful, to measure him against his peers and to give him higher marks for this or that than we award to Proust or Joyce or Kafka. All that I mean when I write that he is fertilising is that he seems to fertilise *me* and that I would be glad to share this agreeable sense of germination with as many other writers as possible. I would be glad to do anything I can to persuade my colleagues, contemporaries, and friends that Thomas Mann at least deserves to be *read*, and that it is not enough to have

attempted *The Magic Mountain* long ago and to talk nostalgically of *Death in Venice* and *Tonio Kröger*. Let me quickly, I hope disarmingly, add that I deliver this sermon as a comparatively recent convert, with all the self-righteousness and enthusiasm which that implies. I read the Joseph saga only in the last year, and if I have a right to talk it is a right which I have only just acquired.

I WOULD not recommend my past associates in ignorance to begin their reading with this first volume of *Felix Krull*.^{*} Mann was writing this long picaresque comedy in the last years of his life and it bears all the marks of an old man's book. Some of these marks are delightful ones. Mann has always possessed a quite extraordinary authority in his novels and stories, so that even the youthful *Buddenbrooks* did, inimitably, exactly what it set out to do. (Is it another reason for our suspicion of Mann that so many and such inferior family chronicles have proliferated since that time?) But in *Felix Krull* the authority is absolute. I find nothing in this first available volume which I could describe as a mistake, a fumbling, a failure of nerve or eye. But it may be that the authority is too absolute, the fixed intention too rigidly pursued, the long-accumulated skill and subtlety too automatically applied. In this book, easily readable though it is, chock full of brilliancies, captivatingly funny and true, I have felt for the first time a certain tiredness, a readiness to serve up again material which has been more excitingly treated before.

In a sense, of course, Thomas Mann has always repeated his themes. Like so many of the greatest novelists—like Henry James or Jane Austen or Dostoevsky—he was a man with one or two deep truths to express and he used his genius to express them in many different ways, with many and increasing subtleties of exposition and qualification. It might seem that *Felix Krull* represents a new departure in that this, despite the pervasive humour of all his other books, was the first time that he set out to write a humorous book for its own sake. Yet I am inclined to think, after reading only the first part of this

book, that *Felix Krull* contributes rather less to our understanding of Mann's world and ideas than his earlier books have done.

The obvious ancestors of this book are *Moll Flanders*, *Gil Blas*, Casanova's *Memoirs*, and *Wilhelm Meister*; and of these the closest to it in spirit are the *Memoirs*. We are presented with a young German, son of a crooked wine-dealer in the Rhineland, who is propelled on his career of roguery "a few years after the glorious founding of the German Empire." By the end of the current volume Felix has been a very successful waiter in Paris, has changed identity with a young Luxembourgish nobleman, and has done well for himself in Lisbon under that disguise. It seems that he is about to sail for the Argentine when the volume ends, and we may perhaps suppose that his adventures will be global. Felix tells his story in the first person, a device which enables his creator to throw his favourite kind of doubt on everything which his hero tells us about himself. Yet we may surely believe Felix when he boasts that he is extremely beautiful, extremely cunning, charming, and self-assured. He is, in fact, the young Casanova almost to a hair, and the kind of doubt which is fictionally thrown on his adventures closely resembles the real doubt which we feel when we read Casanova's account of himself and his own adventures.

Ambiguity, then; what Mann has so often called "the equivocal." His truths have never been simple ones and this, his first major work to be written in the first person, discovers another method of forcing his readers to reflect on the elusive nature of truth. Is this so, we wonder, when Felix tells us something that he said or did, or something that he is? Well, it seemed so to him and it was effectively so to others, and is there, after all, any other way in which things can be so or not? He is not a marquis, of course, although he is successfully masquerading as a marquis for a great deal of the book. But doesn't he, in a sense, *become* a marquis simply by the success of his masquerade? He is thought to be a marquis by everyone he meets and for much of the time he himself manages to forget that he is, at best, a marquis only by most unusual definition. What is this protean hero *really*—for it is clearly not enough to say that he is the son of a crooked wine merchant or that he is a comedian or that he

^{*} *Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence Man. Part I.* By THOMAS MANN. Translated by Denver Lindley. Secker and Warburg. 188s.

is himself a crook? Even to philosophers the question of identity surely remains something of a puzzle; us it puzzles whenever we give it a nervous glance, and Mann is determined that we shall contemplate this puzzle as long and as deeply as he can make us.

FOR on another level of intention Felix (Armand the waiter? Loulou the marquis?) slyly presents another of the great Mann themes to us. He has told us before, and was perhaps the first to tell us so well, that artist, crook, and sick man are intimately related. Very early in this new book the boy Felix achieves a wonderfully convincing piece of malingering, actually forcing his body to represent the symptoms which he needs, and "I had produced these symptoms as effectively as though I had nothing to do with their appearance. I had improved upon nature, realised a dream; and only he who has succeeded in creating a compelling and effective reality out of nothing, out of sheer inward knowledge and contemplation . . . he alone understands the strange and dream-like satisfaction with which I rested from my creative task." We are reminded, by this composite theme, of Joseph's joyful slyness, of Goethe's apparently immoderate egotism in *Lotte in Weimar*, of Leverkühn's diabolic pact, of Castorp's half-invented sickness, of the magician who fell to Mario's bullet.

And the last of Mann's three great themes is not neglected either—a theme which is closely related to his identification of artist, criminal, and invalid. I mean the deliberate moral ambiguity which Mann has always propounded and which seemed, at first sight, so oddly at variance with the simplicities of the moral views he extolled in his other rôle. At first sight only, for Mann's moral ambiguity never took the vulgar and dilettante form which has been so widely practised and revered in France. His was not that moral experimentalism, that facile and ultimately maddening delight in moral paradox which has allowed Jean G  net to be mistaken for a serious writer. Mann's ambiguity was not due to any doubt that good is good and evil is evil, and it has not amused him to suppose the opposite. But he is, in this as in so many other things, a true disciple of Goethe, truly and perpetually aware that good and evil, though seldom difficult to distinguish, bear a far more complex

Early Light

The collected poems of

DOROTHY
WELLESLEY

Recommended by the Poetry Book Society

21s



Song at the Year's Turning

Poems 1942-1954

R. S. THOMAS

With an Introduction by John Betjeman

12s 6d



The Psychological Novel

1900-1950

A critical study by

LEON EDEL

9s 6d



The Reynard Library Wordsworth

Selected by W. M. MERCHANT

880 pages 27s 6d

HART-DAVIS

relationship to each other than is generally recognised. Like Blake or Jung, Mann has never doubted that good cannot exist without evil, that the irreconcilable conflict is a genuine but an unresolvable one, and that the frontal assault on evil may be the most evil-consequenced way of dealing with it.

These are heavy words to use in writing about a book with comic intentions, but once again it is not Mann's way to allow any simple dichotomies. He was extremely funny in the tragedy of *The Magic Mountain* and he has never allowed it to be supposed that the tragic must dispel the comic or the comic the tragic. At the beginning of *Felix Krull* we are allowed to know that the hero, brother to Casanova in this as well, ends his life in a melancholy state of premature decay. We may be sure that this will not be precisely a punishment for his amiable sins, but it is perhaps a warning to us that the apparently gay narrative of a rake's progress is not to be taken altogether lightly.

I HAVE suggested, on the insufficient evidence of a first volume, that this may prove to be the least successful of Mann's major works. For the disciple there are too many rather tired echoes of earlier themes which seem to contribute little to their exposition. In the fantastic lion-tamer we see a shadow of Mario's magician, in the lascivious and self-destructive Diane a shadow of Potiphar's wife, in Lord Strathbogie a brief recreated vision of the more solid Aschenbach,

and in the hero himself much which we knew well already from Castorp and Joseph. But if anyone unfamiliar with this great writer in his comic-serious mood would wish to know whether he is likely to enjoy it I would offer the following quotation from a scene in the Lisbon museum:

Near by (were) stupid-looking giant armadillos, whom Nature had considerably protected with a heavy armour of bony plates on back and flanks. But Nature had been just as solicitous of their ravenous boarders, the sabre-tooth tigers, and had provided them with such powerful jaws and rending teeth that they could handle the bony armour and tear great slices of no doubt tasty flesh from the armadillos' bodies. The larger and more heavily armoured the unwilling host became, the more monstrous grew the jaws and teeth of the guest who joyfully leaped upon him at meal-time. One day, however, Kuckuck informed us, climate and vegetation played a prank on the giant armadillos by depriving them of their innocent nourishment, and they became extinct. And there sat the sabre-tooth tiger, after that mighty contest, there he sat with his jaws and his armour-rending teeth and fell rapidly into despondency and gave up the ghost. He had done everything out of regard for the growing armadillo so as not to be left behind but to go on being able to crunch its bones. The latter, in turn, would never have grown so large or so heavily armoured if it had not been for that connoisseur of its flesh.

The new translator, incidentally, seems to have avoided the usual perils of translation from the German.

Philip Toynbee

ON BEHAVING ONESELF

IN ONE of Miss Compton-Burnett's best books a man says: "I do admire behaviour; I love it more than anything." That may sound the remark of a shallow man, but in the fiction to which it belongs the speaker turns out in the end to have unsuspected depths. Real politeness is not the product of the fashion-mag. Let me give my best story on the subject. In 1944 it was considered necessary to parachute a French politician into his native country, although he was old for the jumping game, and although he had abnormally bad nerves for it. He was brave enough, but he had the misfortune to be powerless to master the hysteria of vertigo.

Since there was no way out of his proposed jump he suggested that the R.A.F. instructor who trained him should accompany him on the night of his mission, and should at the appointed time forcibly thrust him through the hole. This was agreed, but the instructor insisted that, painful as the occasion might be, one rehearsal should be held, and so it was arranged. As the balloon selected for rehearsal rose from the ground, the French politician went pale, went green, almost but not quite fainted. Parachuting height was reached, the balloon stood still in cosmic silence, and my R.A.F. friend, feeling very like a hangman, proceeded to the hideous

task of ejecting his companion in the basket. He dragged him, positioned him, pushed him, and from the swooning disappearing figure one word was audible: "Merci."

These are the sort of memories which may come to readers of Sir Harold Nicolson's latest and delightful book, *Good Behaviour*.* He has one persistent and congenial theme: the difference between real chic and its big bastard brother, etiquette. The hero of the story is the Kalos Kagathos of antique Athens, and the villain is Louis XIV. He is fair to both, but I almost regret that he did not stress the dual nature of the grand monarch's good manners. Sir Harold wonderfully evokes the spirit, misery, and splendour of that "high-heeled periwigged tyrant's" court, and shows (but without saying so—oh bliss!) an uncanny resemblance between it and the fooleries of Chinese and Byzantine high society; but he is silent about those rare moments of magnanimity which can still make us fall, if only for a moment, for "the superb Lewis." It is true that by his adroit play with the human delight in etiquette the grand monarch degraded France, perhaps to her permanent hurt, but he was also the man who said "*A notre age nous ne sommes pas heureux*" to console one who had to announce calamitous defeat. Almost regret, I say, for Sir Harold does not appear before us in this book as a theorist, but as a great entertainer: as a man of splendidly furnished mind discouraging as the whim takes him.

He makes this so abundantly clear that the reader is left with little right of protest: not even when he refuses to discuss Spartan or American manners for the most improbable reasons. He carries his readers along with him nearly all the time. I have never been to the Far East but I feel sure that he has let in some fresh air on to China, and many Western readers who, like me, resent being beaten by old China hands with the big China stick will surely feel grateful for Sir Harold's wildly funny record of the right way to behave in Chinese Society as it was till the other day, and probably still is in many obscure places. He is rather hard on the East, none the less, and might have spared a word for the comely and essentially simple Persian manners which he knows

* *Good Behaviour*. By HAROLD NICOLSON. Constable. 21s.

"This is a splendid book"

—*Times Educ. Supplement*

Style

by F. L. LUCAS

*Fellow of King's College, Cambridge
University Reader in English*

"This book is certain to delight many readers and could help many writers." — RAYMOND MORTIMER, *Sunday Times*.

"Mr. Lucas's advice can do nothing but good. His own style illustrates the virtues he commands." — *Manchester Guardian*.

18/- net

The Crowning Privilege

by ROBERT GRAVES

For the Clark Lectures 1954-5, Robert Graves' chosen subject was 'Professional Standards in English Poetry'. These six outspoken lectures are contained in this volume with nine essays on various aspects of poetry and sixteen new poems. 15/- net.

"It is exciting. Probably no living English writer is a greater master than Mr. Graves of gay and witty combative prose."

—*Times Literary Supplement*

READY NOVEMBER 17

The Passionate Search

A Life of Charlotte Brontë

Margaret Crompton has written a delightfully readable and understanding life of Charlotte Brontë, the result of her wide reading of Brontë biographies and a patient study of Charlotte's letters.

Illustrated, 21/- net

CASSELL

well. But in his strictures on the Islamic world, few readers will not join with him in denouncing the venerable abomination whereby elderly Turkish ministers in the days of Abdul Hamid were made to trot through the streets behind the Sultan's victoria, a spectacle he witnessed himself as a boy. He appears to dislike all manners and customs, with one very notable exception, which involve abasement, and to admire all those which express mutual respect and the rights of individuals. This admirable bias makes him applaud what is usually condemned, namely violent outbursts of bad temper. My heart prompts me to agree with this odd but generous predilection, but a memory stays me. I was once driving with a shooting party in a brake in North Wales, near Caernarvon. Among our party was a military man, not known to most of the other people present, and when someone mentioned the name of the local Member of Parliament, David Lloyd George, this military figure went red in the face and uttered a series of wordless howls whose volume was such that the driver of the brake stopped, supposing that there had been some accident. From the point of view of civility this outburst was unsuccessful since it laid not only embarrassment but a humiliating tendency to giggle on the rest of the company. Indeed, one of the party told me in the evening that he had shot crooked throughout the day, owing to continual and irrepressible inward laughter.

THEORY cannot but creep into this subject, and Sir Harold, for all his good-humoured determination not to pontificate, does sometimes lay down some questionable laws. There is nothing better in the book than his chapter on the Romans, in which he appraises their failure and their success, their ability and disability to make the Hellenic world a common inheritance. It is a considered masterly performance. In this same book, however, we find a restatement of that grotesque idea that peoples who were not under Roman rule at some time can never quite make the grade, a theory which puts poor us right out of the running. Paul Valéry spread such an idea in France at the same time as Belloc did here. I wish Sir Harold would explain why he, of all unlikely people, subscribes to so mad an opinion.

When he says that "A Winter's Tale" is a pot-boiler, many must disagree, but because the play contains some absurdities we do not break off relations. But when this august discourser on the purpose and meaning of manners assures us that half our history is bunk, is it not time for one of those outbursts of temper of which he is so endearingly tolerant? Early in a chapter ominously entitled "The Goths," Sir Harold says that he is "aware that it is today considered old-fashioned to use the epithet 'dark' as applying to the thousand years that stretch between 475 and 1453." Then, after some sign that he is aware of other points of view, he comes down on the anti-Gothic side, and asserts that he approves the old fashion. But to what old fashion can he be referring? To the best of my knowledge the phrase "dark age" was first used in English letters by William Cave in the late 17th century. He called the 10th century "*sæculum tenebrosum*." Since his day, classicists have extended the term to cover large areas on either side of that for which it was first designed. But a thousand years—this is new! Is Sir Harold so ignorant then? No. The foaming victim returns to his pages and finds that Sir Harold is beautifully learned on the subject of the Middle Ages, and even likes some things about them, though he is unusually irritated at their extremes of boorish cruelty and etiquette-crazed pretences in love (shades of China again). It emerges that he is enjoying a practical joke, not unexpected of the man who, in the age of Elizabeth Bowen, Anthony Powell, Evelyn Waugh, Ivy Compton-Burnett, Graham Greene, and some others, declared that the novel was dead and thereon unleashed a flood unparalleled of the crassest critical bosh of our time. But this present joke cannot be said to come off, for all its nice felinity. It is intended, I presume, as a dig at the lingering mental habits of the Gothic revival, but what it in fact does is to give us a picture of Sir Harold in the improbable and philistine posture of putting out his tongue at Dante, Chartres, Canterbury, and divine Geoffrey Chaucer.

The most original chapter in the book is that on German civility. Every chapter contains noble thrills and surprises: "How jolly to read about Versailles," the reader says complacently, soon to find his eyes prized open and his mental powers fairly coerced.

John Lehmann
THE WHISPERING GALLERY
Autobiography I

Frontispiece

21s. net

Marcel Jouhandeau
MARCEL AND ELISE
The Chronicle of a Marriage
.12s. 6d. net

F. D. Ommanney
ISLE OF CLOVES
A View of Zanzibar

Illustrated

18s. net

Philip Caraman
WILLIAM WESTON
*The Autobiography of an Elizabethan,
translated and annotated*

Illustrated

18s. net

Robin Maugham
BEHIND THE MIRROR
A Novel

10s. 6d. net

Peter Forster
THE PRIMROSE PATH

12s. 6d. net

LONGMANS

But in the chapter which Sir Harold entitles "Gemütlichkeit" he rises to what may without exaggeration be called a permanent height. The reader is likely to think to himself: this will be read a long time from now. The theme of this remarkable chapter, so lightly touched on, is a great and tragic one, and Sir Harold knows how to do it justice. He is not a very musical man, I believe, and it is said that he lived in Berlin during a golden age of German musical performance without once attending any of the three operas which that city then boasted, and whose like is nowhere to be found in the world today. But, like Sir Max Beerbohm, he is a musician despite himself, and this chapter on the "*gemütlich*" Germany which, for all its faults of sentimentalism, is among the most lovable things in Europe, and which has been hidden by the other fearful Germany first brought to attainment by Bismarck, has the character of a Bach cantata. A vast subject is set forth in a suite of jigs,

duets, airs, and minuets, and slowly we recognise the overtone, with awe.

It would be easy to fill this magazine with paragraphs of admiration and objection (Sir Harold's description of Holland House is superb; his defence of the odious English mania for corporal punishment is wholly unconvincing); but to do so would be a waste of space and time. The critic's task is sometimes the same as the salesman's, and in this instance his first duty is to say: get this book on the most elusive of all subjects, and read it.

Epilogue. I did not omit to ask my R.A.F. instructor just what happened on the great night. The same, he said. "No word of thanks?" I urged. "Well," said the instructor, "it is so difficult to hear anything anyone says in those kites." I think myself that the politician may have made a formal speech of thanks from the kite to the ground, thereby proving that the superb Lewis did not live utterly in vain.

Christopher Sykes

MARGINALIA GRAFFITI AND TEXTS

IN HAPPIER centuries when the prolixity of monks had outrun the availability of parchment, critics were obliged so to curtail their remarks as to fit into their author's margins. Would it were so today! If Assistant-Professor Hubris N. Truckle (at present made free of seven hundred imperial quarto pages by the University of Chattanooga) were presented with an Oxford *Milton* and told to scribble in the margins, it would reduce both his commentary and his self-importance to their proper dimensions. He would, of course, find more stretching-room in Jimmie Flivver's new slim volume (three words to the line, eight lines to the page); but then Jimmie Flivver is in greater need of the Professor's underpinning and that is perhaps why he prints his poems that way. At the same time in those paper-hungry centuries, those who were interested in neither Virgil nor Aquinas, still less in abbey-lubbers' commentaries upon them, but wished to record rather the opposite of the traditional classical and *reçu*, snatches of evanescent song or charms against possession by fairies, were often driven to the oddest shifts. Thus, of early medieval English lyrics, one is preserved

on a piece of paper as long as your arm and as narrow as your thumb, one at the foot of a sermon, one on the back of a Papal bull, one scratched with a pin on the wall of a ruined church. These graffiti are as scattered and uncertain as the bones and names of their foundered authors.

Today, of course, there is only too obviously no shortage of paper. What we lack is matter; or rather, whatever matter a reasonably well-read poet picks up today, he also picks up with it the name of the writer who has already dealt with it far better than he can hope to do. It is a necessary condition of a civilisation already too long-established or even (in Pound's phrase) "an old bitch gone in the teeth." But *mutatis mutandis* the two conditions are not so dissimilar. We have our *textes reçues*, though it is only very occasionally that we add to them: we have our "marginalists" (to be distinguished sharply from the "lunatic fringe"), commenting either in prose or verse upon the texts, or upon pictures (which are, of course, merely another sort of text), or marginalist in a slightly different sense in that they eschew the central subjects and concentrate instead

Faber

some recent fiction

Walter de la Mare

A BEGINNING and other stories
Book Society Recommendation 12/6

Alfred Duggan

GOD AND MY RIGHT
Becket and the King—a masterly
new novel re-creating one of the
most celebrated dramas in English
history 15/-

John Hearne

VOICES UNDER THE WINDOW
An outstanding first novel 10/6
'A born writer who can discipline
both emotion and belief into
memorable form'
PETER GREEN, *Daily Telegraph*

Randall Jarrell

PICTURES FROM AN
INSTITUTION. 'Blissfully funny... as
full of wisecracks as the Marx brothers.'
Manchester Guardian 12/6

Edmund Crispin (editor)

BEST SF: Science Fiction Stories
'Adult, intelligent stories... some-
thing entirely new' *New Statesman*
'Excellent introduction—alone well
worth 15/-' ANGUS WILSON, *Spectator*
2nd impression

William Golding

'The most purely original English
novelist of the last decade'
JOHN DAVENPORT, *Observer*
'The most original and imaginatively
exciting novelist we have today'
ISABEL QUIGLY, *Spectator*
LORD OF THE FLIES (3rd imp.) 12/6
THE INHERITORS 12/6

Czeslaw Milosz

THE USURPERS
'Unforgettable... Milosz has made
his theme universal... Characters
agonisingly individual, sharp-
drawn' *Daily Telegraph* 12/6

David Stacton

A FOX INSIDE
Book Society Recommendation 15/-
'Mysterious and absorbing... as a
mystery story with marked psycho-
logical perceptions this one grips
and pleases' V. S. PRITCHETT

Stephen Spender

THE BURNING CACTUS
A re-issue of his collection
of stories 12/6

Kathrine Talbot

THE INNERMOST CAGE
A novel of unusual quality
and distinction 12/6

on insects' wings, aspects of aspects, evocations of intensely minor emotions: and the scrawlers of the graffiti, the rude-worders and cock-snookers, rejecters of the received and composed, defiers of grammar, punctuation, and all modest word-formation, scratch up *Joe luvvs June* in subways or, like M. Jean G  net, appropriate epigraphs on the lavatory walls of Parnassus.

THIS possibly sad state of affairs is less evident in America, where a very different sort of creature from any of these, the Honest Poet, the sincere and naïf, has a better chance to survive. Miss Gene Derwood, who died suddenly last year in her middle forties, was a fairly regular contributor to anthologies, but it is only now that a book of poems first appears under her name.* She had a curious talent. Like many Americans she would appear to have read little or narrowly, to have casually or ill-digested what she had read; and her verse is not always the better, and not always the worse for it. She had little reverence for language as it is. When language would not fall into shape, she kicked it not coaxed it:

*We read half-works of science for the why
And scheme to balance marxly with what's
learnt*

she would write, and in that "marxly" is all the graffitist's self-independence and heroic contempt. She could also be a marginalist with the best or rest of them, and write pieces called *After Reading St. John the Divine* or *On Seeing Two Pictures by and of Max Ernst*: (a glance at the "Contents" will usually give your marginalist away). But at her best and most characteristic she was an uncompromising, thinking poet. Her clotted ungainly Hopkinsesque style, sometimes startling or even startlingly beautiful but almost never memorable, was the genuine end-product of a real effort to communicate by no means easily thought or said things:

*There must be something wrong with
being wise—
Talking we go, wondering and wandering
with woes,
Big thoughts have got us, hence we
organize,*

* *The Poems of Gene Derwood*. Clarke and Way. \$3.00.

*Govern our heroes with unmeant yeas and
nays,
And breathe in dungeons of our nervous
mesh
An air too blank to snare meandering flesh.*

Gene Derwood communicates energy rather than pleasure, and she is unlikely ever to become a very popular poet: but she will hardly be wholly forgotten.

Mr. Tom Boggs* was another American recently dead in his forties—the world had better take note that once again its poets are electing to die young. He had none of Miss Derwood's high-handed originality, but he had her honesty and naïvety and in addition a gentleness and receptivity that was not hers at all. He had the capacity for suffering that goes with long-protracted adolescence, but delicate crystals at length settled out of quiet tears:

*It is not love I bring to you
But something else to which love grew,
Something the god began then fled
With his cloak above his head,
Something he never thought would riot
While yet beneath his fingers' quiet,
Something like a cathedral flying,
Something like a statue dying.*

TO TURN from these Americans to the Old World sophistication of Mr. Lawrence Durrell† and Mr. Ruthven Todd‡ is like emerging from a tangled and unfamiliar forest into a clearing of sunny and natural air. Mr. Durrell in particular is surely the most exquisite of marginalists. He has chosen the good pagan values, wine, food, women, the *deus loci* and the sense of style: he writes around the edges of them, but he does so with what can only be described as perfection. Indeed I am driven to think that *The Tree of Idleness* shows, in so far as the writing goes, more mastery than anything that I have read for a long time. I have always admired Mr. Durrell's verse for its breathtaking moments—set (as it appeared to me) in matter less fully realised. But in this book the poet seems at last to have come into

* *In Good Time*. By TOM BOGGS. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

† *The Tree of Idleness*. By LAWRENCE DURRELL. Faber. 8s. 6d.

‡ *A Mantelpiece of Shells*. By RUTHVEN TODD. Grove Press. \$3.00.

his own and the rewards of years of hard apprenticeship lie to his hand. He is especially successful with his evocations of places—Venice

*The pools of burning stone where time
And water, the old siege-masters,
Have run their saps beneath
A thousand saddle-bridges,
Puffed up by marble griffins drinking*

—or Sarajevo

*Where minarets have twisted up like sugar
And a river, curdled with blond ice, drives
on
Tinkling among the mule-teams and the
mountaineers,
Under the bridges and the wooden trellises
Which tame the air and promise us a peace
Harmless with nightingales. None are
singing now:*

but it is almost invidious to specify. This book contains hardly a wasted or a second-hand word, and no one who has the craft of poetry at heart can afford to be without it.

If Mr. Durrell is the most exquisite of marginalists, surely Mr. Ruthven Todd is the most marginal. A survey of the tell-tale *Contents* reveals such things as *William Cowper's Hares*, *Max Ernst* (again!), and *The Foundation of the Royal Society, 1660*. Both poets are voluntary exiles, Mr. Durrell in the Mediterranean and Mr. Todd in New York, but the latter seems to take his sadly. Mr. Todd quite lacks the other's breath-taking qualities, but he has his own integrity and his verse is, in its way, no less assured. He is fond of natural history

*Lepus europæus were the poet Cowper's
pets . . .
Of rabbits, Oryctolagus cuniculus, he had
five*

and, for that matter, of natural mystery, and his title poem, *A Mantelpiece of Shells*, in which he ponders on the geometrical laws of spirals that unite the molluscs of all seas from Arctic to Sargasso, is probably the best in the volume.

LASTLY, two poets who, almost grotesquely different, are nevertheless both "graffitists," scrawlers on public walls. Mr.



The Politics of the Prussian Army 1640-1945

by GORDON A. CRAIG

'This is a learned, readable, and exceedingly informative piece of work . . . it is coherent and dispassionate but never dull.' *The Listener*
' . . . a fascinating book on the part played in German politics by the Army from its founding by the Great Elector in 1640 to the disintegration of both Army and State in the defeat of 1945.' A. J. P. Taylor in the *Manchester Guardian* 50s. net

Government by Committee

An Essay on the British Constitution

by K. C. WHEARE

' . . . both a valuable and an interesting study. One does not have to agree with all the conclusions in this "essay on the British constitution" to appreciate the skill with which it sets out a mass of information on the subject, discusses not only the structure and working of different kinds of committees, but also embarks on some stimulating excursions into such attractive country as the characters of chairmen and the strengths and frailties of officials.' *The Times* (leading article) 25s. net

The History of Photography

*From the Earliest Use of the Camera Obscura
in the Eleventh Century up to 1914*

by HELMUT GERNSHEIM

in collaboration with ALISON GERNSHEIM

In this exhaustive work the authors trace the development of photography through the many stages from its pre-history to the modern art and industry. The science and mechanics of photography have a leading place in the book but the achievements of the artist-photographers are also adequately assessed. Imp. 8vo, 425 pp. and 96 pp. of half-tones, numerous line illustrations and index.

70s. net

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Storm de Hirsch* is a lazy-daisy devil-may-care American who drawls wildly impressionistic two-word-to-a-line poems mostly about sex in the casual manner of a doped blue trumpeter out on a private cadenza. All the same there is talent buried beneath it somewhere, among the "slow joe girls" and the "roly poly butternut girls" and the "berry kissmouths." A sensuous nonsensical poet who doesn't give a damn, an absolute who is thoroughly refreshing reading.

Hugh MacDiarmid's *In Memoriam James Joyce*† is a *graffito* too, but it is a monstrous long one, the sort that might well be graven seven times round any Jericho to procure its fall. It is also, what I believe none other of the poems that I have considered to be, a Text. The two things are not incompatible. *In Memoriam James Joyce* is a *graffito* because it defies every known law of poetic diction, order, and composition. The vocabulary alone is enough to make the *Oxford English Dictionary* turn in its grave:

*So beyond all that is heteroeptic, holo-
phrastic,
Macaronic, philomathic, psychopetal,
Jerqueing every idioticon,
Comes this supreme paraleipsis,
Full of potential song as a humming bird
Is full of potential motion.*

Lines like *We are familiar with Helmholtz's "Handbuch der Physiologischen*

* *alleh lulleh cockatoo*. By STORM DE HIRSCH. Brigant Press. \$2.00.

† *In Memoriam James Joyce*. By HUGH MACDIARMID. William Maclellan. 21s.

Optik" are scattered everywhere or clustered in schools like porpoises. But at the same time it is a text, because it is a profoundly measured contemplation of one of the central problems of our time, that of language. And against the lines already quoted (necessary, and even decorous, though they are in their place), there are passages like

*Let the only consistency
In the course of my poetry
Be like that of the hawthorn tree
Which in early Spring breaks
Fresh emerald, then by nature's law
Darkens and deepens and takes
Tints of purple-maroon, rose-madder and
straw,*

where all the exactly beautiful clarity of the classical poet is displayed.

In Memoriam James Joyce deserves a review to itself, but my wordage allowance is still sufficiently medieval to prevent its getting it. It is an uneven poem and its most dignified measures are not infrequently broken by passages of sheer guttersnipe trumpeting (we groan when MacDiarmid gets on to England as we groan when Pound gets on to Usury—if "Patriotism is not enough," then presumably racial hatred is even less so). Nevertheless, more than any other of the books of poems I have discussed (and they are all, in their several ways, excellent), it has elements of greatness; and the public should not leave it longer unbought in the bookshops, or its (certainly maddening, certainly "bloody-minded") author longer unhonoured and unsung.

Hilary Corke

TRANSLATING THE BIBLE

WHAT is the Bible? A collection of works, written over a long period of time, recording the spiritual development of a people? God's revelation of normal and spiritual truth to man? A code of laws with an admixture of history and prophecy? A collection of myths? A subtly coded allegory in which the skilled interpreter can find an account of the ultimate mysteries? A textbook of religion and theology? It has been held to be all these things at different times by different people, and what it is held to be will determine the way in which the problem

of its translation from the original languages—Hebrew and Greek—is tackled. If the Bible is a human document, reflecting and illustrating phases of human thought, then it can best be interpreted by the joint efforts of philologists, historians, psychologists, anthropologists, and archaeologists. If it represents a unique divine revelation, and is thus a work entirely *sui generis*, it can be regarded as a series of timeless texts which speak directly to the heart of the pious individual, or as a work to be interpreted only by the authorised representatives of a divinely appointed

religious organisation, or as a collection of cryptograms to be understood only by the few who are learned in the appropriate cabbalistic tradition, or as a sacred book, too wonderful for ordinary comprehension, which requires a cumulative exegetical tradition for its proper understanding. There are thus, oddly enough, more ways of looking at the Bible open to those who regard it as a divine work than there are open to those who regard it as a purely human document. Even those liberal theologians who take a view midway between the divine and the secular, regarding the Bible as revealing, under divine guidance but in human terms and according to the mental habits of particular times and places, man's progress towards an understanding of the divine plan, will have fewer approaches open to them than the stricter believers in the Bible's sanctity and divinity; in interpreting it they will agree on the whole with the secular commentators at least in the matter of the use of critical tools. There is plenty of argument on the part of the secularists about the nature and meaning of different parts of the Bible, but there is little argument among them about the tools they should employ and the methods they should use. It is among those who are agreed that the Bible is the Word of God that argument about its proper interpretation and translation has waxed most furious.

The Christian Church was from an early stage committed to "Latinitas," to the transmission and interpretation of all its religious documents in Latin. The Bible of medieval Christendom was a Latin book, the Vulgate, translated largely from the original languages by St. Jerome late in the 4th century. The original Bible of earlier, Greek-speaking Christians was the Septuagint, the Greek translation of the Hebrew Bible made by Jewish scholars in Alexandria in the centuries immediately preceding the birth of Christ: the New Testament canon developed gradually in the first three centuries of the Christian era. Thus the first Christian Bible was a Greek version of the Old Testament made by Jews, and to that was added the Greek New Testament. With the spread of Christianity throughout the Roman Empire, a Latin Bible became necessary. The first Latin Bible, the *Vetus Latina* or Old-Latin version, was (as far as the Old Testament is concerned) translated from the Septuagint in the 2nd century.

DENT

Trumpets from Montparnasse

Robert Gibbings

Seeking "the freedom and fun of brushes and paint", the famous author-artist returns to the Paris he loves, thence to the Ile de Ré and to Positano, always with his keen eye for the unusual and interesting, and his deft touch with character and atmosphere.

8 full-colour plates from Gibbings's paintings and some 40 new engravings. 21s.

Second Impression

A Prospect of the Sea

Dylan Thomas

"In his happiest line of fantasticated autobiography . . . Thomas really found himself as an artist who could achieve poetry in prose." J. W. LAMBERT. *Sunday Times*. 10s. 6d.

Second Impression

No Time for Sergeants

Mac Hyman

The story of Will Stockdale and Little Ben Whitledge from Georgia, and how they broke the heart of the U.S. Air Force. "A marvelously funny book." *Oxford Mail*. 12s. 6d.

Edward Elgar

His Life and Music

Diana M. McVeagh

"Sympathetic insight and the scholar's cool research are finely balanced. Miss McVeagh sees Elgar as a sensitive human being, a hypersensitive social creature and a highly temperamental artist. She has noteworthy things to say about style and technique, especially as affecting Elgar's orchestration."—*The Listener* Photographs and 60 music examples. 18s.

A History of Golf

The Royal and Ancient Game

The first authoritative history of the game to appear for eighty years. The literary quality of this book and the quiet humour of the author, are applied to every aspect of the game, and in all countries.

8 plates in colour and 32 monochrome. 25s.

Jerome's work as a translator began with a revision of the *Vetus Latina* and culminated in his great original translation of the Old Testament from the Hebrew and the Gospels from the Greek (the rest of the Vulgate New Testament is apparently by another hand).

It is with the entry of Jerome on to the scene that we first find the principles of biblical translation being debated. Traditions that have come down concerning the translators of the Septuagint take what Mr. Schwartz calls* "the inspirational view"—the translators were divinely inspired to make a perfect translation, and a curse was pronounced on anybody who would alter its text. The facts about the Old-Latin Bible (which survives only in fragments and quotations) remain obscure. But Jerome discussed his problems with a lively critical intelligence, taking what many would consider a very modern view. He denied that the translators of the Septuagint were directly inspired by the Holy Ghost to produce a perfect translation. He compared the Hebrew text with the Greek and found serious discrepancies, coming finally to the conclusion that a true rendering of the Old Testament must be made from the Hebrew. Mr. Schwartz gives a succinct account of the development of Jerome's attitude to biblical translation (though he does not mention the interesting fact that Jerome followed the logic of his position to the point of learning Hebrew from Jewish teachers, thus becoming the first Christian Hebraist of any distinction, inevitably incorporating into his translation some of the Jewish traditions and interpretations of his Hebrew teachers). He sees Jerome as the exponent of "the philological principle" of biblical translation, and contrasts his view with that of St. Augustine, who defended "the inspirational principle" against Jerome and disapproved of Jerome's reliance on human scholarship. Augustine was disturbed by Jerome's criticism of the Septuagint and of the Old-Latin Bible, which he saw as threatening the unity of Christendom. He held to the view that the Septuagint was indeed a miracle, and that divergences

between it and the Hebrew original were made under the direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

IN SPITE of Augustine's opposition, the Vulgate soon became the standard version used in churches and accepted by the Church, as though it were that very "inspirational translation" which Augustine saw in the Septuagint. Then, as Mr. Schwartz shows in a brief but lucid chapter, the development of biblical exegesis gradually evolved a full-blown theological system out of the Vulgate text, so that eventually the whole of medieval Christian theology and scholastic philosophy was rooted in specific interpretations of specific passages in the Vulgate. "This means that every translation had to follow the Latin text as closely as possible so long as the alliance between theology and scholastic philosophy was unshaken. A breakdown of this philosophical method would entail a new aspect of exegesis and thus a new translation."

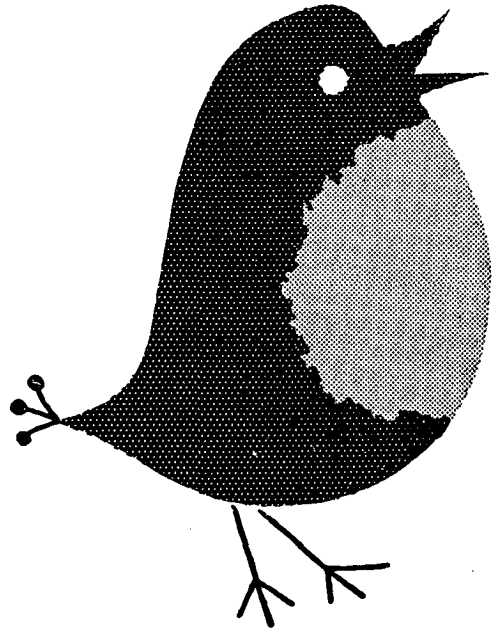
The remainder of Mr. Schwartz's book is taken up with a discussion of three figures who had, each in his own way, enormous influence on biblical translation in the Renaissance. The new humanistic philology, the breakdown of the scholastic philosophy, and new religious ideas all combine to produce a new interest in Bible translation. Reuchlin is taken as one representative of "the philological view" and Erasmus as another; both correspond, in certain respects, to Jerome in an earlier age, while Luther, Mr. Schwartz's third character, corresponds in some ways to Augustine. The humanistic desire to return to the original languages inevitably lowered the prestige of the Vulgate and of that scholastic attitude to the biblical text which ignored philology completely to find subtle logical implications in the precise wording of the Latin text. If the Latin text is suspect, the whole scholastic method is suspect; and if the schoolmen knew no Hebrew or Greek, their scrutiny of the biblical text for implied meanings becomes mere juggling. Both Reuchlin and Erasmus were faithful members of the Catholic Church, but they were both attacked by those who were suspicious of the new philology and who preferred to continue with the old method of handling the Latin text. Appeals to the "Hebraica veritas" and the "Graeca veritas" were meaningless or irrelevant to the conservatives. As far as the text of

**Principles and Problems of Biblical Translation: Some Reformation Controversies and their Background.* By A. SCHWARTZ. Cambridge University Press. 25s.

the Hebrew Bible went, they held that it had been deliberately corrupted by Jews (a charge that was repeated by the Catholic translators of the Old Testament from the Vulgate in 1609; they defended their rendering from the Vulgate by explaining that "both the Hebrew and Greke Editions are foully corrupted by Iewes"). Reuchlin's heroic fight to get the study of Hebrew accepted by Christian scholars as one of the prerequisites for the proper study of the Old Testament is a turning-point in the history of Western culture. It is remarkable that Professor C. S. Lewis, in his recent history of 16th century English literature, discusses humanism and the new learning with no mention of this great controversy; if he had paid attention to it he might perhaps have revised his view that there was no significant change in the pattern of Western culture at the Renaissance.

MR. SCHWARTZ deals carefully and sympathetically with both Reuchlin and Erasmus, showing how they came to put their philological knowledge at the service of biblical scholarship and explaining some of the apparent inconsistencies and contradictions particularly in Erasmus's thought. These men did not, of course, take a secularist view of the Bible. It was just because the Bible was the Word of God that it was incumbent on Christians to understand that word in its true, original significance. Erasmus's edition of the Greek New Testament in 1516 represented a synthesis of theology and humanism of the utmost significance for later Western thought. Those literary critics who see Spenser and Milton, with some surprise, as Christian Humanists might do well to consider the earlier tradition of Christian Humanism represented by Reuchlin, and Erasmus's concern to reconcile his passion for "bonae literae" with the service of "sacrae literae" is one of the most germinal factors in Renaissance thought.

The final chapter of Mr. Schwartz's book deals with Luther, in many ways a puzzling figure, who combined an "inspirational" view of the Bible with an awareness of the importance of philology. Luther's quarrel with Erasmus arose from his conviction that no amount of prior linguistic knowledge can yield the true meaning of the Bible, although once the true meaning has been suggested by inspiration and faith it can be confirmed and



*a little bird
tells you*

**BOOK
TOKENS**

*please
everybody*

expounded with the help of philology. Grace must precede knowledge. On this point Luther was with Augustine against Jerome, just as Reuchlin and Erasmus were with Jerome against Augustine. Yet Luther believed that the true Word of God could be found only in the original Hebrew and Greek Bible. A vigorous vernacular translation was necessary for purposes of popular education, but no translation was valid for purposes of theological discussion. Mr. Schwartz disentangles the various threads in Luther's view of Bible translation very skilfully. He cannot, however, make Luther as sympathetic a figure as either Reuchlin or Erasmus. Luther's arbitrary convictions about the meaning of certain texts (for example, his inner assurance that the Psalms all refer to Christ and that the Jews maliciously deny this) are a strange comment on his views of inspiration and grace.

What is the Bible? Whatever we take it to

be, it is a central document in the history of Western culture, which most of us read only in one English translation or another. A reminder of how the Bible came to be translated and of the differing views about its translation which have prevailed among different Christian scholars and theologians helps to bring home what readers of the Bible in English owe to these older scholars and controversialists. We live in an age of new interest in the Bible, literary, theological, archaeological, historical, textual. An important new translation—the "Revised Standard Version"—has recently appeared in America, and a new English version is now being prepared under the authority of a committee of the Churches, to be published jointly, when it is ready, by the Oxford and Cambridge University Presses. Meanwhile such interpretations of older methods and arguments as Mr. Schwartz here gives us are to be most warmly welcomed.

David Daiches

A TANDEM IN TEXAS

LOOKING through the new books one can get an impression that Americans are busily turning out specialised monographs on European affairs while European authors are writing travel books about the United States. One reason for this contrast is, I think, that European writers still seem surprised to perceive that American civilisation is no longer that of Europe, and evidently think it enough to note this fact and their surprise. Yet one can't travel across the United States without realising what fascinating books there are to be written. In Chicago, I remember, I thought how interesting it would be for a European writer of insight to produce a book, say, about the tough secondary schools of Chicago where children of Irish, Polish, Negro, or Slav parentage are being hammered into good American citizens. On another occasion, when I met some carefree Californian Chinese youngsters who were so remarkably American in every way, I thought sadly how many books could really be written about the American experiment to build a nation on a continental scale, without class distinctions and even on a basis trans-

cending colour. That such books do not get written is probably connected with a present lassitude in Europe. Instead, we have a rather monotonous series of impressionist travel books touching on the surface of American life.

The new book* by Mr. J. B. Priestley and his wife Jacquetta Hawkes falls into this category, in spite of its bold assertion in the first sentence that "This is not another of those books about America." When I heard that Mr. Priestley, in collaboration with his wife, had produced another book about contemporary life, I had misgivings. Not because I thought he had become too reactionary, a criticism which Mr. Priestley has been so busily rebutting in public. My reason was personal: I remembered how well and reflectively Mr. Priestley had written about British and American life of the late thirties in those two outstanding volumes of essays, *Midnight in the Desert* and *Rain upon Godshill*, and

* *Journey Down a Rainbow*. By JACQUETTA HAWKES and J. B. PRIESTLEY. Cresset-Heinemann. 18s.

Baudelaire

THE FLOWERS OF EVIL

A collection of the best English translations (from James Elroy Flecker to Aldous Huxley) of *Les Fleurs du Mal*, ranging from 1869 to 1945. This brilliant edition is edited by Marthiel and Jackson Mathews. 35s. net

John Wain

INTERPRETATIONS

Essays on twelve English poems by a new generation of critics. Each takes a single poem and gives a full analysis of it. Edited by John Wain, this volume also contains an epilogue, *On the Interpretation of the Difficult Poem*, by G. S. Fraser. 25s. net

Robin Skelton

PATMOS : Poems

The first first book of poems to be chosen by the POETRY BOOK SOCIETY. We are also publishing in January a critical work by Robin Skelton, *The Poetic Pattern*. *Patmos*, 10s. 6d. net

Routledge and Kegan Paul

ERNEST JONES

Sigmund Freud

THE YEARS OF MATURITY

'The second volume of Dr. Jones' masterly biography of Freud . . . his memorial volumes are worthy of their subject.'—*The Times*.

Illustrated, 30s

LAURENS VAN DER POST

Dark Eye in Africa

A profound and eloquent exploration of the tension between the white and black people in Africa, and of the origin of the most sinister prejudice of our time. 8s 6d

Thomas Hardy's

NOTEBOOKS

EDITED WITH NOTES BY
EVELYN HARDY

These two Notebooks, and excerpts from 'The Trumpet Major' Notebook, cover the period 1867-1928, and reveal the workshop of an immortal craftsman. The volume also includes some letters written to Hardy by Julia Augusta Martin. 10s 6d

GREGORY ZILBOORG M.D.

The Psychology of the Criminal Act and Punishment

A valuable study of the psychology of all who are a part of the business of criminal justice: criminal, judge, defence counsel, public prosecutor, juror, psychiatrist as expert witness and others. 10s 6d

THE HOGARTH PRESS

some of his recent first-person utterances had led me to wonder whether in *Journey Down a Rainbow* he might not be saying what he had said before, only saying it less well. Expectations were partly fulfilled. Mr. Priestley is as readable as ever; he has an acute sense of the spirit of the age, or at least some aspects of it; but his increasing penchant for putting down whatever thought happens to be passing through the jolly old head is becoming a serious drawback.

Journey Down a Rainbow represents a piece of collaboration on a single theme. Miss Hawkes travelled to New Mexico, and went up into the D. H. Lawrence country around Taos, to write about the colourful Pueblo Indians who with astonishing tenacity still maintain their historic tribal culture. Mr. Priestley, meanwhile, made for the heart of Texas. He hung around in Dallas and Houston, those two brand-new, wealthy, mechanised American cities, and exposed himself voluntarily to a round of strenuous hotel life, lunches with oil tycoons at the Petroleum Club, drinks and parties, traffic jams, football games in giant bowls and publicity glorifications at TV-openings. Alternate chapters in letter-form by Miss Hawkes and Mr. Priestley point the contrast between the formal rhythm of life among the Pueblos and the restless modern life in Texas, between a natural division of men's and women's domains in Indian life and the notorious American sex-war, and between the satisfying ritual of Indian dance and the allegedly empty ritual in the football bowl—and so on. Subtly made, the points could have been effective. The method of the Priestleys, unfortunately, is over-emphasis.

Miss Hawkes, for instance, gets off to something of a wrong start without hesitation. She was met in Albuquerque by the wife of a local official and against her expectations found herself in a cultured home, a fact she feels worth communicating to English readers back home:

As we sat in front of the fire of four-foot logs, drinking Old Fashioneds, no room could have seemed more harmonious, unaffected, and habitable. . . . The whole house was as far removed as possible from the daintiness or false elegance of the "gracious living" ideal of the women's magazines. Indeed, I am sure the lady editresses would have dealt most severely with my

hostess's boudoir, which was overflowing with cats, cosmetics, and underclothes.

This impressed Miss Hawkes. She was even more surprised to discover that her friend's husband was evidently quite at ease in a home "so very unlike the home appropriate to a regular fellow." In fact, she tells the reader, this first evening in New Mexico prepared her for the subsequent anthropological discovery that the south-west was filled with refugees from the American way of life—"men and women who are non-conformists in their sexual loves, in the strength of their love for history and the arts, or in their desire to be able to drive an old car in peace."

There is nothing wrong with this cosy writing, except that it leaves the reader suspicious when Miss Hawkes goes on to describe Indian life in the same chatty, instructive manner. No doubt it is fascinating that 20,000 Pueblo Indians should have been able to stand out against all the assimilative might of American civilisation. The historic migrations of these Indians are mysterious, and their ritual, beliefs and art have an obvious attraction. It is significant that modern Americans will go to Spanish or Indian pottery and fabrics when in search of that rich, warm splash of colour for their homes which American civilisation of today cannot supply. About all this Miss Hawkes cannot help saying some interesting things, though her intense manner always raises doubts whether they are more profound than the things she has been saying about the American way of life in general. In fact, one feels that on this occasion her generalisations are stereotypes brought all the way to the U.S.A. from the Isle of Wight.

THE same goes for many of Mr. Priestley's *dicta*, such as his initial assumption that what Texas is today Tunbridge Wells will be tomorrow. History is surely not so predetermined. Altogether, it seems rather odd that he should willingly have exposed himself, like a patient etherised upon a table, to a continuous life of strange hotel lobbies—what lonely places they are—of party-going with casual acquaintances, and even of advertisers' festivities. Not unnaturally such a life sent a man of Mr. Priestley's sensibility into a spin of *malaise*, and as a result his complaints about Texas

and about modern life in this book have a disjointed hangover air. This is a pity, for, as always, he makes some telling points. For example, about erotic frustration in the United States: he maintains—rightly, I think—that the fashionable view of the United States as a matriarchy is wholly erroneous. On the contrary, with its rejection of tradition, and its stress on technics, gadgets, graphs, statistics, and incessant mobility, American life is quite strikingly dominated by the masculine and not the feminine principle. Even in an America of sixty million automobiles, the frontier is ever present. And so, says Mr. Priestley, American women have revenged themselves for a lack of emotional stability in American life by becoming aggressive, bossy, demanding, or neurotically critical of their husbands. Yet before Mr. Priestley can develop this thought, he is off on a psychoanalytic diatribe against the current American fashion for girls with full bosoms and slender, boyish hips, and this angry thought leads to the next sermon, and so on. As for modern life in general, in the thirties Mr. Priestley had his sharp vision of what was wrong:

People like my parents were members of a community, whereas a great many of these flat-and-bungalow couples do not live in a society and are not members of a community. They are young people eating and sleeping and trying to enjoy themselves in a certain place, with no interest in or feeling of responsibility for that place . . . they are nomads without a tribe.

Today the language of Mr. Priestley's sermons has become at once more self-important and diffuse:

I shall coin some new names. . . . First then—*Admass*. This is my name for the whole system of increasing productivity, plus inflation, plus a rising standard of material living, plus high-pressure advertising and salesmanship, plus mass communications, plus cultural democracy and the creation of the mass mind, the mass man.

Surely all this should be not the conclusion but the starting point of the argument. For better or worse, we live today in an age of mass participation where not only an upper-and-upper-middle-class minority but everybody wants such things as holiday travel, regular entertainment, and comfortable living. How to satisfy this mass demand and at

Jocelyn Brooke

THE DOG AT CLAMBERCROWN

An account of the author's two interrelated journeys to Sicily, interspersed with reminiscences in the highly-praised style of *The Military Orchid*, etc.

Recommended by The Book Society

October 18s

T. O. Beachcroft

GOODBYE AUNT HESTHER

A new volume of stories by an author who has gained steadily in stature and who is now among the best known of English short story writers.

November 12s 6d

Adrian Bell

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

A single, sustained narrative of young love and endeavour in London, by the author of *Corduroy*, *Music in the Morning*, etc.

November 9s 6d

—THE BODLEY HEAD—



Englishmen remain
the same—

A Theatre of Natures



SOME 17th CENTURY CHARACTER WRITINGS

The portraits here edited by Isobel Bowman from 17th century authors have been chosen to show the continuity of the English character. They are delightfully interpreted by the drawings of Laurence Irving. A bedside, fireside and generally companionable book.

15s

C. S. LEWIS

Surprised by Joy

THE SHAPE OF MY EARLY LIFE

"Admirably equipped to write spiritual autobiography. You can take it on two levels, as straight autobiography or as a kind of spiritual thriller"—SUNDAY TIMES. 2nd imp. ordered within a week of publication.

15s

—GEOFFREY BLES—

the same time maintain decent cultural standards is a difficult problem. It does not look as if it will be solved in our generation. But it is an inescapable problem, while the tone in which Mr. Priestley writes from Texas suggests that what he would really like is to have his old, comfortable, upper-middle-class world given back.

This is the one thing he cannot have. In the end, I found myself comparing Mr. Priestley's picture of Texas with that of a friend who also recently returned from there. As can only happen through the miracle of American hospitality, my friend found himself for a fantastic week a guest in a society of Texas millionaires who whizzed around in their private aircraft, dropping in on

parties hundreds of miles away, and who boasted uninhibitedly about the wealth they were making and spending. My friend found all this unexpectedly refreshing. The detail which impressed him most, he said, was to see the children of his host buzzing around in special little pedal motor cars which were air-conditioned. But one night, my friend reports, his host turned to him and said something like: "You know, Bob, I ask myself if our machine civilisation isn't all shot to hell." My friend was horrified. "Don't have these decadent thoughts!" he exclaimed. "Don't have any thoughts! Leave that to us—while you stay just as you are!"

He may have been as wise as Mr. and Mrs. Priestley.

T. R. Fyvel

FOUR NOVELS

ONE of Sir Max Beerbohm's characters, after having made his reputation with a comedy of aristocratic manners, decides to write a serious novel about middle-class life. He fails miserably. He knows middle-class life all too well (and the aristocratic world of his first novel he made up out of his head); but, as he explains to Sir Max, knowledge is no substitute for love. When Mr. L. P. Hartley deserts the gracious vanished worlds of *The Go-Between* or the Eustace and Hilda books for modern life, he does not exactly fail like Sir Max's character, but we cease, I think, to feel that his affections are profoundly engaged, or that he is really enjoying himself. *A Perfect Woman*,* like the earlier, rather unsatisfactory *My Fellow Devils*, is a novel of middle-class contemporary life. It is primarily, I think, a comic novel. Mr. Hartley, at least, handles his characters with a sort of tepid tolerance that suggests that he is reserving his judgments about them or even, perhaps, keeping them socially at a distance; and the final and, I imagine, intended effect of this "distancing" or "alienation" is an ironic one. We are not encouraged, or perhaps even allowed, to identify ourselves

too wholeheartedly with any one of Mr. Hartley's characters. But it is a great weakness in the novel that the proper comic climax has to be brought about (when a jealous man shoots two people who are not really having an affair with each other) by a piece of ruthless and perfunctory melodrama.

The story is this. An income tax accountant, very much the decent average man and proud of it, thank you, meets by chance in a train a famous novelist and helps him out with his financial muddles. The accountant is a little greedy, and in the hope of having important clients put in his way he consents to make advances for the novelist to a German barmaid (who has a jealous lover, who ultimately shoots her and the novelist, Alec). The barmaid does not like Alec but instead becomes the accountant's mistress. The accountant's wife, a typical nice suburban woman with vague cultural interests, has meanwhile fallen in love with the novelist; but she falls out of love when she gets hold of his latest manuscript, which makes it clear that he loves Irma, the German girl (transformed in his novel into an Italian maid), and thinks of Isabel, the accountant's wife, as a slightly comic would-be bluestocking with a crush on him. Isabel, furious, is further bewildered and embarrassed when

* *A Perfect Woman*. By L. P. HARTLEY. Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.

she hears from her husband, Harold, that Alec intends to settle some money on their children. Then Mr. Hartley brings in his bit of melodrama. Alec's mistress tells Irma's jealous lover of Alec's passion for Irma, as revealed in the book (it has never come to anything in real life); and the lover, an unbalanced young man, shoots Alec and Irma. The moral pay-off is in the last chapter where we see Harold and Isabel cosily reconciled. They have both had love affairs, or near love affairs, and so respect each other more. Alec's settlement is proving a nice little nest-egg. And the reviewers, after all, find the portrait of Isabel in the novel an attractive one, so she can afford to take a genial and glowing view of Alec's memory.

I don't know how much we are intended to dislike Harold and Isabel (or to what degree Alec himself, for that matter, is supposed to be a sham). But at least I am sure that it is irony that gives this book its stiffening. Here are two examples, with the punch-lines italicised. Elspeth, the novelist's mistress, is being questioned at the trial of Irma's unbalanced lover:

The counsel for the defence heckled her: "I put it to you that you acted out of spite?" "I acted as my heart told me to act," she answered, "and as any woman who loved as I loved would have acted." *Thus she established her common humanity with the erring: the safest position that anyone can take up.*

Or a more subtle example: Isabel and Harold's new relationship, after Alec's and Irma's deaths:

Each was conscious of the other as a person in his or her own right, a person who for a short time had meant to someone else as much as any human being can do—a sovereign with one adoring subject—no, that wasn't true, for Harold had meant more to Irma than she, apparently, had ever meant to Alec. *Still it was nearly the same thing.*

The italicised sentences give one—as Mr. E. M. Forster does sometimes—a little moral nudge. And indeed in many ways, in his faults as well as his virtues, Mr. Hartley reminds me a good deal of Mr. Forster. They both write the same kind of good, prim prose. Their excellent moral attitudes have the same gentle unresilience. And they both have an odd taste, in fiction, for sudden implausible violence.

Hutchinson's

Ready late November:

ENGLISH POETRY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

Maurice Evans

Surveys some of the religious and social developments of the century and analyses their implications for poetry. The problems of form and style facing a poet of the period are discussed, with special reference to Prosody, Rhetoric and Decorum; and the major poets are examined, together with certain of the poetic conventions, namely the pastoral, sonnet, lyric and heroic. The book deals with the impact of classical, Italian and French literary theory and practice, upon English poetry in the period, and the assimilation of new literary forms into the English tradition. Spenser in particular is shown as the great integrator, both in poetic form and content, of mediaeval, Renaissance and Reformation trends. The book ends with a chapter on Donne in relation to his Elizabethan predecessors, and the homogeneity of English poetry from the Middle Age to the XVIIth century is emphasized.

8s. 6d. net

University Library

I HOPE Mr. Hartley goes back in his next novel to the world he really loves. He remains, in the sex- and murder-ridden suburbia he depicts, a masterly craftsman. Mr. Christopher Sykes in *Dates and Parties*,* a novel about high life in London in the year or so before the Second World War, is perhaps dealing with a world which he not only knows but loves. But because, unlike Mr. Hartley, he is incurably amateurish, he fails, for all the intrinsic attraction of his subject and the liveliness of his mind, to make his world real for me. He does not create what I regard as the necessary minimum of novelistic illusion. Consider, for instance, this piece of dialogue . . . a fragment of conversation at a party:

"I saw it exactly otherwise. He was the mouth-piece, the symbol, whatever you call it, of a national terror, and he was flung forward by waves of emotion because he was no more than a wave himself by that time. He couldn't help himself at the last at all. *He was hysterical, as befitted the elected representative of the Grand*

* *Dates and Parties*. By CHRISTOPHER SYKES. Collins. 10s. 6d.

Hysteria. That was why he began screaming about 'Peace with Honour!'

This is an eloquent and memorable description of what many honourable men *felt* about Munich. But (even allowing for the novelist's need to reproduce the effect of spoken speech in a condensed, stylised way) does it begin to be plausible as an impression of how anybody would have informally *expressed* such feelings? Try edging the sentence I have italicised into the babble of the next cocktail party you go to: you might as well try to edge in a chunk of Gibbon or Macaulay.

The pity is that, without having grasped that dialogue in fiction has three essential functions—to reveal individuality, and either to heighten or to relax moments of narrative tension—Mr. Sykes makes it his main instrument. No individuality is revealed, for the style of the dialogue throughout is Mr. Sykes's; and, similarly, no tension is heightened or relaxed. Here is a quite different kind of blunder with dialogue. A character called Peter, who is a homosexual, discovers that his best friends have known all about this but have been keeping tactfully mum for ten years:

Peter said: "You are a good man, Willoughby. I didn't know before this how good you were."

"Don't call me good," groaned Willoughby. "I am not good. I am not at all good. I have had reason to believe that I am immensely bad. The best that can be said is I try to make amends."

Willoughby should have *felt* this; making him say it right out makes him sound not like the good Christian man he is but like the complacently self-righteous prig he is not intended to be. This is Mr. Sykes's fourth or fifth novel. He has always good material, and I hope it is even yet not too late for him to sit down and learn—at the feet, not of Henry James, but of Christopher Isherwood even—some of the plainer tricks, indeed some of the mere necessary dodges, of the trade.

MR. ERNEST FROST'S novel,* an upper-middlebrow tear-jerker, is what the boys in the racket call "sensitively written": and in plot it is what I call "Pile-on-the-good-old-agony!" The hero, Charles,

is a gifted but lonely aircraft engineer, going blind; he loves his old dad, Henry, a painter, better than anyone in the world; but he also falls in love with a girl called Sheila, and so of course Sheila falls in love with Henry and will marry him, and Charles, remaining wonderfully Christian and an example to all of us, will be edged out into the cold; indeed on the last page the one bright spot is that he has a date in Russell Square with a dim girl called Bettina. (For Sheila is a nice, *whole-some* name, I always think, don't you? But Bettina . . . I wonder!) I suppose this nobly masochistic fantasy is intended to do us good in some way, but might there be a danger of our supposing that chaps like Charles, if there are enough of them, can be vicariously virtuous for *us*? Here is Sheila's farewell, and an example also of the "sensitive writing":

And though on the surface it looked as though he had lost nearly everything, his life behind that crepitating blindness must have been an intenser struggle than anything that she or Henry would ever know. . . . She pitied him, she loved him, and she was afraid of him. Henry was more solid and it was to Henry she returned.

Smug little bitch! (And "crepitating," as Polonius would say, "crepitating" is good.)

Mr. Golding's *The Inheritors** is not a novel in the ordinary sense. He has attempted to "feel himself into" the life of a small group of Neanderthal Men at the time when they first come into contact with the primitive True Men, our ancestors, who are to supplant them. These Neanderthals are food-gatherers. They have few skills worth handing on. They have very little continuity of thought or purpose. They communicate poetically rather than rationally, by calling up to each other mental pictures that suggest to members of the group what they should do next. Mr. Golding writes beautifully and by an extraordinary feat of imagination he makes us not only follow the adventures of, but to a large degree emotionally identify ourselves with, these creatures, perhaps not fully human in our sense, but in any case profoundly different from us. It is a great feat of sympathetic imagination. The writing is not only vivid but tender. Here is a description

* *The Visitants*. By ERNEST FROST. André Deutsch. 12s. 6d.

* *The Inheritors*. By WILLIAM GOLDING. Faber. 12s. 6d.

THE HUNGRY SHEEP

by *SIR DAVID KELLY*

'This brilliant, fresh and penetrating analysis of contemporary affairs will administer a salutary and stimulating shock to all who read it.'—Sir William Mabane in *The Sunday Times*. 18s. net.

GIBRALTAR

by *JOSÉ PLA*

Introduction by
SIR CHARLES PETRIE

The history of the Rock and urgent problems of British Rule there. 16s. net.

INDIVIDUATION

A STUDY OF THE DEPTH-
PSYCHOLOGY OF CARL GUSTAVE JUNG

by *JOSEF GOLDBRUNNER*

16s. net.

HOLLIS & CARTER

NEW EPWORTH BOOKS

SCIENCE AND MODERN LIFE

By *Sir E. John Russell, O.B.E., D.Sc., F.R.S.*
(*The Beckly Lecture for 1955*) 6s. 6d. net

The lecture deals with some of the problems arising out of the rapid advance of science and technology. There are signs of happier relations between science and religion, and there in lies the best hope for the future.

CAPTIVES TO FREEDOM

By *Douglas W. Thompson* 10s. 6d. net

This vivid and moving book has been written by an army padre who was captured at Tobruk, and lived in P.O.W. camps in Italy and Germany. He tells of the capture and of the succeeding life in camp from a point of view that makes the story quite unique. It is full of humour and heroism, fear and courage, falsehood and friendship, ingenuity, determination, shame, and great nobility, and it is told with the convincing clarity of truth.

I WENT TO MOSCOW

By *Canon Mervyn Stockwood* 15s. net

Canon Stockwood went to Moscow to see for himself, and his book records the impressions of a lively and enquiring mind. He saw what and whom he wanted, even interviewing the Patriarch of All Russia.

THE EPWORTH PRESS

25-35 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1

THE HAND AND FLOWER PRESS

•
Autumn Books

EXPERIMENT IN ERROR

POEMS by *Blanaid Salkeld*

Price 7/6

SOME POEMS

by *Erica Marx*

Price 7/6

Ready at end of October

XXVIII POEMS

by *Gabriel Fielding*

THE RETURN OF ULYSSES

by *Patrick Fernando*

*A first book of poems by a poet
from Ceylon*

Price 7/6 each

ALDINGTON : ASHFORD : KENT

Crisis of the American Mind

Leo Gurko

*Chairman of the Dept. of English,
Hunter College, New York*

A critical analysis of the conflict in American life between men of thought and men of action. Mr. Gurko examines the age-old American distrust of the "egg-head" and illustrates his theme from the spheres of politics, literature, business and religion, and in particular with savagely entertaining forays into enemy territory—McCarthyism, the Press, Hollywood, radio and T.V., pulp-fiction, the mass-circulation magazines, etc.

16s.

RIDER

of a group of True Men aboard a boat with an adopted Neanderthal infant:

They shrieked at the struggling lump. Vivani's back was arched and she was writhing as though a spider had got inside her furs. Then the devil appeared, arse-upward, his little rump pushing against the nape of her neck. . . . At last the devil was turned around and settled. He poked his head over her shoulder, keeping close, he nestled it against her neck. And the woman rubbed her cheek sideways against the curly hair, giggling and looking defiantly at the people. Marlan spoke in the silence.

"They live in the darkness under the trees."

MR. PETER GREEN'S long novel* about Alcibiades (there are over five hundred pages of it, and at that it has been cut by a third) ought to be reviewed at length by a competent classical scholar: here I can only call a brief, admiring attention to it. It is an historical novel of the type of the best of Mr. Graves's—of the type of *Count Belisarius*, for instance—in which a poetic imagination gives new depth to familiar, briskly marshalled, and vividly evoked facts. Mr. Green

* *Achilles His Armour*. By PETER GREEN. John Murray. 15s.

is also a Gravesian in that he seeks a clue to Alcibiades' character in his relations with Pericles' mistress, Aspasia: he sees Aspasia as standing, in man-dominated Athens, for the older values of a matriarchal civilisation—for the Muse, or the White Goddess, in fact. But war and politics, naturally, bulk very large in the story (there is at the beginning an excellent and necessary two-page map). Through this labyrinth—I have always been at home, even if only at secondhand through Jowett, in the Athens of Plato and Socrates, but the Athens of Thucydides has always puzzled me to death—Mr. Green conducts us with a strong thread. Socrates, in fact, is a very marginal figure in his pages, and his Athenians spend much more time making speeches, intriguing for office, waging campaigns, being exiled and brought back again, and making love, of course, than in sitting down calmly to discuss the meaning of ideas and words. So, no doubt, it was. And Alcibiades was what our American friends would call a "great guy." But perhaps their sitting and thinking brought more about than their bustling and fighting. However that may be, here they all are very much alive.

G. S. Fraser

Other Books

A Century of Writers 1855-1955. Chatto and Windus. 21s.

It must be a gratifying moment when a publisher with the reputation of Chatto and Windus decides to compile a volume to celebrate its centenary. For this is a publishing firm which, for a hundred years, has discovered, encouraged, and perpetuated, by keeping in print, good writing both from this country and the United States. I imagine that the chief problem for D. M. Low and the others who have compiled this book was not how to make the achievement of their firm look best but what, among so much that is good, to leave out. They have succeeded in making a judicious and extraordinarily interesting selection.

Three complete novels are included, *Crome Yellow*, *Huckleberry Finn*, and *Barabbas*. The first two are so well known that it is quite unnecessary for me to say anything about them. The third, by the Swedish writer, Pär

Lagerkvist, will be far less familiar to most readers. It is the story of the man who was acquitted when Christ was crucified and is a study in despair and solitude written and translated with great simplicity. In the form of a *nouvelle* it tells of the tragedy of a man who wanted to believe but was unable to, not through intellectual difficulties but because of the sense of futility of his own life. From extreme human degradation Lagerkvist has drawn something noble and not without final hope; there is a kind of stoic splendour in the character of Barabbas.

The rest of this volume is devoted to essays, stories, excerpts and poems from the many important writers whom Chatto and Windus has had the perspicacity to publish. I admire the way in which the compilers have sometimes not feared to print the obvious. Thus we have the lively and compassionate carol-singing episode from Hardy's *Under the Greenwood Tree*, one

of Wilfred Owen's most painful and vivid poems, *Insensibility*, a fine war scene from Stendhal's *The Charterhouse of Parma*, and Clive Bell's now famous piece about "significant form." Such things as these should have been reprinted because they have become almost a part of our way of thinking. I was glad, too, to find Poe's *The Tell-Tale Heart*, a story always terrifying whether read at noon or night.

It must, however, have been extremely difficult to decide how to represent writers like William Empson, Margaret Irwin, Lytton Strachey, F. R. Leavis, V. S. Pritchett, and William Faulkner. Here the compilers have been clever for they have chosen passages which are entirely characteristic and which also whet the reader's appetite. There is a short but typical piece from Empson's *Seven Types of Ambiguity*, followed by one of his less difficult but still ambiguous poems, a riotous passage about Henry VIII from Margaret Irwin's *Young Bess*, and a most entertaining and sympathetic study of Sir John Harrington, who so philanthropically invented the water-closet, by Lytton Strachey. By L. C. Knights there is a brief but penetrating analysis of 17th century melancholy; he traces much of this mood to the fact that the supply of trained and talented minds outweighed the demand—a view which seems to confirm Jung's remark about failure of vocation being the chief cause of neurosis. L. C. Knights is not a critic well-known to me but this kind of writing and thought makes me want to read more of his work.

Perhaps the most brilliant piece of literary criticism (and one is amazed to see how much that is good and positive in this field of literature Chatto has published) is F. R. Leavis's consideration of *The Dunciad*. This is Leavis at his very best—acute, lucid, quick to see the point, warm in approbation and always connecting not separating the æsthetic and moral qualities of a work of art.

V. S. Pritchett is represented by a short story, *The Saint*, in which all his literary skill works to express his compassion and his understanding of human character. I believe that Chatto and Windus has published all the English editions of William Faulkner's work so that it must have been extremely hard for the editors to know how to represent him in a centenary volume. They finally decided to include his short story, *A Rose for Emily*, and I do not think that, within the limits imposed on them, they could have chosen better. For here is all Faulkner's richness and violence tempered by tenderness, his sensuousness at the service of his pity. He writes of human pride working in the heart of a sad, half-ridiculous woman: "Thus she passed from generation to generation—dear, inescapable, impervious, tranquil, and perverse."

Book Society

Alternative Fiction Choice

Emyr Humphreys

A MAN'S ESTATE

The unheralded return of a young scientist to his ancestral home in Wales brings the lives of his family and their dependents to their crisis. Beautifully written by the author of *A Change of Heart* and *Hear and Forgive* of whom C. P. Snow has written, "*Of the novelists under 35, no one is a more certain bet.*"

(15/- net)

François Mauriac

THE LAMB

(L'Agneau)

"Each character is brilliantly revealed, each scene superbly managed."

SUNDAY TIMES
(12/6 net)

Robert Kee

A SIGN OF THE TIMES

"Most accomplished, intelligent and enjoyable . . . he has a compelling narrative gift and a sense of humour all his own."

LISTENER
(12/6 net)

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

VISITS TO
MONASTERIES
IN THE LEVANT

by ROBERT CURZON

With an Introduction by SETON DEARDEN and a Foreword by BASIL BLACKWELL

Fully illustrated

25s

THE CHINA
SHEPHERDESS

by FÉLICIE MARCEAU

Author of *The King's Man* 12/6

Recommended by the Book Society

ARTHUR BARKER

This story and *Barabbas* are, in my opinion, the two most exciting pieces of writing in a volume that is full of excellent things, many of which I have not space to mention. But this book is more than a collection of fine fragments; one can trace through it many movements, influences, ideas, and experiences. I do not see how a publishing house could illustrate better its claims to judgment, taste, and originality.

Elizabeth Jennings

Talking of Shakespeare. Edited by JOHN GARRETT. Hodder and Stoughton with Max Reinhardt. 20s.

You can get out of Shakespeare pretty well anything you like, the more because you will often have put it there yourself. But any serious and not too subjective attempt at understanding him usually reveals that he was, after all, and in spite of Shaw, unique: and a refresher course in the other Elizabethan dramatists will confirm this.

In awareness that Shakespeare is a problem in himself (quite apart from who he was, which is neither here nor there) this collection is no exception. This strikes me as a merit, for though the striving after inwardness in Shakespeare-criticism may become exaggerated, projective, and highly Germanic, anything that is too phenomenological or social-critical usually looks foolish before long.

These lectures were meant to be generally educative in Shakespeare and so there are one or two technical papers ranging from a worthy, necessary but unexciting piece of scholarship on the problems of editorship, from Dover Wilson, to a highly amusing account of Shakespeare films from Paul Dehn. This might also be described as a problem of "editorship." Paul Dehn looks forward with anguish to a Hollywood screen version of a "composite Shakespeare play which will contain all the most memorable . . . lines which Shakespeare anywhere wrote": and Dehn has in readiness a lyric which also contains all the most memorable lines, to be sung by the ghost of Ophelia rising from the Duke of Clarence's tomb with a butt of Malmsey wine on her head.

Mr. A. P. Rossiter's lecture on *Ambivalence: the dialectic of the Histories* seems to me, on points, the most valuable, both in itself and in

its implications of opposition or contrast to the other papers.

And as such a contrast let us take Mr. A. L. Rowse on *Elizabethan Drama and Society*. Mr. Rowse sees the Histories as the national epic of the mob-hating, divinely conservative, hierarchic, typically Elizabethan Shakespeare, held in the "miraculous moment" by class-unifying Spanish pressure and falling out of it for ever as that danger passed and the "Stuart world went stumbling forward" . . . towards the "catastrophe of Civil War." It is not logically inevitable, but it is speculatively legitimate, to ask why we didn't ourselves do dramatically better out of the national unity provided by the last unpleasantness.

The natural bias of a working historian is to be too objective in looking at Shakespeare's "philosophy of history"—he probably doesn't see much choice at present: Butterworth or anti-Butterworth, anti-Whig or Whig, provide him with his alternatives. Mr. Rossiter, however, who regards Shakespeare's historical philosophy more universally and less socially than Mr. Rowse, does not fall into a complementary error (Toynbee or not-Toynbee?). He sees that the heroic, the tragic-kingly, the political-moral, aren't sufficient to exhaust Shakespeare's conception of historical figures in relation to time and events. The kings are not tragic, but sub-tragic—they are at once too big for their boots and too small for the part they are called upon to play: therefore the rôle of comic irony in Shakespeare history at its greatest was all-important. Comic comment, personified in Falstaff and others, is Shakespeare's way of *thinking* about historical reality: and his thought is dynamic and dialectical, not tied to its age, and not merely aimed at extinguishing its opposite, as the Order-code-system of Tudor theory was and, in its contemporary interpretation, still is.

Mr. Patric Dickinson's paper on Shakespeare considered as a poet probably expresses in other terms what Mr. Rossiter feels. In spite of asking himself why Shakespeare gave up "writing poems," Mr. Dickinson in fact succeeds in showing that it is only as a poet that Shakespeare makes perennial sense: as a man, that is, who understood his essential "ambivalence" (love-lust in this terminology) and continually healed it by exact expression.

Kathleen Nott

We have received repeated enquiries for back numbers of ENCOUNTER, especially the early issues, and stocks are now limited. Readers are advised to obtain their copies while available. Please enclose a cheque or money order for 2s. 6d. (U.S. 50c.) for each copy ordered.



(Above) Ignazio Silone (ITALY)



(Right) George F. Kennan (U.S.A.)



Raymond Aron (FRANCE)



Michael Polanyi (U.K.)



Left to right: Denis de Rougemont, chairman of the Congress for Cultural Freedom; Nicolas Nabokov, secretary-general; Arthur Lewis (U.K.); Eric da Costa (INDIA)



Hugh Seton-Watson (U.K.)



Bertrand de Jouvenel (FRANCE)



(Right) Bertram D. Wolfe (U.S.A.)



Mino Masani (INDIA)



John Kenneth Galbraith (U.S.A.)



Peter Wiles (U.K.)



Sidney Hook (U.S.A.)



PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STELLA FISHER BUREAU

15 Strand, London, W.C.2

(Licensed annually by L.C.C.)

Permanent and Temporary
Staff of Both Sexes

TYPEWRITING
DUPLICATING

TRAFALGAR 9090

did you find it?

Somewhere in this issue you should have found a card giving details of our Christmas Gift Offer. This enables you to send ENCOUNTER to your friends for six months at the special reduced rate of 10s. or \$2, post free. Never mind if the card is missing. Just send us the names and addresses of your friends with a remittance to cover each subscription. Your gift will start with the January 1956 issue and we will notify recipients in advance.

ENCOUNTER 25 HAYMARKET SW1

Lap-tab FOLDING ARMCHAIR TABLE

British Pat. Nos. 615114 &
689617. Prov. Pat. 27741/54

**MAKES HOME-
WORK EASY!**

Thousands sold and every customer completely satisfied. Table top, size 30" wide x 19", made of sheet steel, covered with beige felt, non-skid surface. Channels are provided for pens; also non-burn ash trays. The telescopic leg fitted with plastic foot can be locked in any position between 20"

and its full extension of 33". A first-class job, beautifully finished. A "must" for students, invalids and all who take work home.

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

Price Carr. paid (U.K. only) **£3-1-5**

*Accepted by the Council of Industrial
Design for inclusion in Design Review.*

Send for folder "E" **LAP-TAB LTD.**
HASLUCKS GREEN ROAD · SHIRLEY · BIRMINGHAM



BELLOMETTI LE PERROQUET RESTAURANT

31, LEICESTER SQUARE

WHI. 2996

IN THE HEART OF
ENTERTAINMENT LAND

SECKER & Warburg's

successes of 1955 include

General

<i>Herbert Lüthy</i>	THE STATE OF FRANCE	35s.
<i>Lionel Trilling</i>	THE OPPOSING SELF	15s.
<i>Montagu Slater</i>	THE TRIAL OF JOMO KENYATTA	18s.
<i>Ed. : C. H. Rolph</i>	WOMEN OF THE STREETS	21s.
<i>Anonymous</i>	A WOMAN IN BERLIN	15s.
<i>Rupert Croft-Cooke</i>	THE VERDICT OF YOU ALL	15s.
<i>Guy Murchie</i>	SONG OF THE SKY	21s.

Fiction

<i>M. Yourcenar</i>	MEMOIRS OF HADRIAN	15s.
<i>Thomas Mann</i>	CONFESSIONS OF FELIX KRULL	18s.
<i>Alberto Moravia</i>	A GHOST AT NOON	12s. 6d.
<i>Colette</i>	RIPENING SEED	9s. 6d.
<i>Gabriel Chevallier</i>	CLOCHEMERLE BABYLON	12s. 6d.
<i>D. J. Enright</i>	ACADEMIC YEAR	12s. 6d.
<i>Robert Musil</i>	YOUNG TÖRLESS	12s. 6d.